

The Voyageur

1965-6







the voyageur

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First Row: J. Handal, M. Kennedy, B. Russel, J. Noer, B. Adamson.
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Dedication



SAMUEL ROGERS, Q.C.
Chairman of the Board of Management

This issue of the Voyageur is affectionately and gratefully dedicated to Samuel Rogers, Q.C., Chairman of our Board of Management since 1933. Over these many years Mr. Rogers has given much to Pickering College through his careful stewardship and unfailing interest. He is shown addressing the school at our Annual Closing Dinner held on May 31st. This occasion, honoured by the presence of former masters and old boys, served as our Farewell to the Old Dining Hall. The new Dining Hall brought into being through the active interest of our Chairman will open this September for the new school year.

—*Harry M. Beer.*



Six

A Personal Word From the Headmaster

There is another kind of integration which schools should strive to attain and which our own school has always held as a basic aim. Ever since 1842, our founding year, our forerunners have established this school as one where students of different races, creeds and colours could live and play and study together to the mutual benefit of all. Such integration we must treasure and continually nurture. Because of our Quaker heritage we have been able to do this. The other kind of integration which we have always attempted is not always as easy for us to achieve, that is, the integration of purpose of the two generations which make up a school community. Officially the older one has the task of teaching, counselling and moulding, and the younger one has the opportunity of learning, cooperating and growing.

To tell the truth, I have found that these roles are sometimes reversed, for learning does not stop at the magic age of twenty-one and much can be learned in a community such as ours from young as well as old. Unfortunately, the traditional relationship between the two generations is often that of "tug-of-war". At Pickering we have always tried to combat such a spirit, sometimes with success and sometimes not, by attempting to develop a cooperative and friendly relationship between masters and students. True integration may be attained only when individuals, both masters and students, dedicate themselves to a common ideal which envelops all personal ideals. The two generations may thus pursue the common purpose of working unselfishly towards the Quaker goal of "the beloved community".

The great achievement of this past year has been the zeal shown by our student leaders in trying to attain such a goal. A feeling of mutual trust was established between the two generations, the members of the School Committee on the one hand and the masters of the school on the other, to such an extent that their concern for the welfare of the school enabled them to exchange views in an amazingly frank and honest spirit. The student leaders placed loyalty to our School Code above loyalty to the traditional "schoolboy code". For this they were at first criticized by their fellows and yet, by courageously sticking to their ideals, they gradually won the support of the student body which continued to re-elect them. For their part the members of the older generation believed that, in such an atmosphere of mutual trust, firm and friendly counselling would help a boy grow more truly towards maturity than the traditional adult resort to punishment.

I want to express my thanks to the students and masters who worked during the past year towards the integration of spirit which characterized our school. Next year let us build even further on this feeling of mutual trust and understanding.

Harry M. Beer.



First Row: John van Nooten, Dave Jefferson, Ivan St. John, Bob Binkley, Jud Purdy, Doug Boulton.

Second Row: Walter Klassen, Winston Josiah, Bobby Forhan, Don Menard, Keith McLaren, Morris Wolfe, Jim MacLean, Phil Schous, Stan Fraser.

Third Row: John Taylor, Jim Murray, Al Jewell, Eric Veole, Mary Fish, Harry Beer, Henry Jackman.

Staff Notes

Staff members had a busy year. There were three marriages and three births.

Mr. Klassen was the first member of the staff to take the marriage vows this year. Betty-Anne Driscoll became his happy bride in February. Mr. and Mrs. Klassen will be moving to St. Catharines at the end of the year.

Dr. Purdy, better known as "Doc", was married in April in Brockville to Rosemary Howison, a teacher at Prince Charles School in Newmarket. Dr. Purdy will be returning for another year at Pickering.

In April Mr. John Taylor made Dorothy Butchart his bride. The marriage took place in Owen Sound. Mr. Taylor will be setting up his free-lance art and interior decorating business in Leith.

One birth came in February when Mr. Bob Forhan became the proud father of his second son, Michael. Mr. van Nooten also became the father of a son, Johan, later that same month. Mr. Jim MacLean became the father of a second son, Douglas, in July.

The faculty is losing several of its members this year. In addition to Mr. Taylor and Mr. Klassen, Mr. MacLean will not return; he will be teaching at Fergus District High School. Mr. van Nooten will be teaching in Willowdale next year. Mr. Wolfe is also leaving to lecture at the University of Guelph. Mr. Philip Schaus, who has provided all our music at chapel and produced our last three operettas, will be teaching at Lakefield. We wish these masters the best of luck in the years ahead.

—Craig Spafford



First Row: J. Cook, B. Forbes, R. Simans, T. Bryant, A. Shully.
Second Row: R. Brown, D. Keenan, T. Statten, A. Gibson, Mr. Beer.

School Committee

The School Committee of 1965-66 had a very active and exciting year. Since the great majority of us were together the entire year, we were able to work closely together with our most capable staff adviser, Mr. Beer, as a well functioning unit.

The major chore of the Committee was to keep up the school morale, solve any problems that might have arisen, and aid in the counselling of our fellow students.

Through student assemblies, we were able to convey our thoughts to the students and at the same time receive valuable and helpful comments from the student body itself.

Socially, the Committee's largest assignment was to plan and produce the annual Spring Formal. This year's theme was "An Evening in Hawaii" which I think all who attended will agree was a great success.

We, of the Committee, would like to thank the staff and students of Pickering College for their undying co-operation and spirit throughout the past year.

—Al Shully

Ave Atque Vale

We have come to the end of another school year on the "Hilltop". While its events are still fresh in our minds, let us pause for a moment and review the year.

When we entered Pickering last fall we all had a common goal. That goal was to move towards the development of our full growth, academically, socially, athletically and spiritually.

In academics we had the opportunity to receive personal attention from the staff in solving our many problems. Let each one of us ask himself, "Did I make use of this extra help?"

There were opportunities for us to appear in stage productions, to become members of invitation clubs, and to enjoy other social activities. Ask again, "Did I take full advantage of these opportunities, or did I let them slip by me?"

In athletics we had chances to play on Pickering teams. We also had the chance to participate on intramural teams. Ask, "Did I participate on a team? Did I give it my full support?"

As members of the Pickering College community, we were handed many privileges, and along with these we had to assume a high degree of responsibility. Ask yourself, "Did I accept the responsibility and the trust that was bestowed on me? Did I co-operate with others? Was I considerate of others as well as of myself? Did I offer my services when I could?"

After we have answered these questions, let us take a glance at our futures. What plans do we have? Some will be going to universities in the quest for higher learning; some will leave school now to face the challenge of the world; and some will be returning to the "Hilltop" to continue their high-school instruction. No matter to which of these categories we belong, the failure or success of our futures can be determined largely by the nature of our reactions to the above questions. If we leave Pickering with the feeling that we haven't learned much, if anything, then we have literally thrown away a year of our lives. If, however, our stay at Pickering has been one of enlightenment, then we are better prepared to meet our future challenges.

—*Roy Simons*

Editorial

"Night falls on all," and so it does on this present school year of 1965-66. To some, it has been a long year, to others a short one; to most, I think, it was a happy one.

During this past year, we have witnessed a physical improvement of our school, as well as a more obscure "inner strengthening" of Pickering. For with each passing year, young blood enters the school and Pickering's final products, often one or more years in the making, return to their homes and thus are spread over the country as excellent proofs of Pickering's work. These will probably retain their ideals or responsibility, honesty, and spirit which were impressed indelibly on them here.

Within the past few years, more and more responsibility has been given to the students. I know we have succeeded gloriously in our duties this year by electing and obeying a fine student committee, supporting charity drives, producing a number of *Quaker Cracker* issues and hosting several pleasant social events.

This past year will some day mean a lot to you; I know it will to me. For we must remember that the basic qualities of good character which we have learned here at Pickering "are woven of an immortal texture that the breath of forgetfulness may never mar."

—B. Russel

Famous Visitors To Pickering



Remember When

Pickering College was imbued with an excellent school spirit in 1965-1966, a school spirit brightened by small humorous events which served to lighten one's attitude towards the tediousness of study. Over the years it is these occurrences one seems to remember when thinking back over his school experiences, and so the *Voyageur* presents a number of these happenings under the retrospective heading "Remember When".

Remember when:

- the ever-thirsty Mr. Boulton took a drink out of the coke can above Jim Leslie's bed—a coke can that turned out to be a three-week-old liquid ash tray, half water, half cigar ash? Oh, well, just proves the boys from up north will drink anything.
- a certain lad from Massachusetts took it into his head to experiment with store-bought explosives in one of the "13 corridor conveniences"? We're sure his father was pleased with the addition of that item on his personal account bill.
- The Upper South Corridor awoke the Upper North boys for laughs, and succeeded not only in destroying the sandman's work but also in losing a good part of their long weekend leave? But they didn't mind. Could Latin explain their feelings better? *Audax aut fidelis*—bold but loyal.
- The ever-troublesome Lower North Corridor pillow-fought their way into one of the greatest collections of feathers since Fidel Castro invaded New York? Dr. Purdy was pleased!!?
- spring brought on the onset of open windows, water-bombs, and ball-shoe passing marathons along the ledges? A shoe still hangs as a lone monument from a nearby maple tree—our "shoe-tree"
- on a gray, eerie night, with semblance to safe-crackers of old, the lock was torched and blown off the door to Mr. Ferris's water-closet? It was obvious he didn't have the "right guard".
- a certain young chap named Wilson decided to try body surfing in the South House bathtub, to the dismay of Mr. Schaus and his wet bed-clothes below?
- Bob Crawford told the tree surgeons to cut all the trees in front of South House down, and they got two of them before being stopped?
- they decided to celebrate Minnow Morgan's December 19th birthday in May? Though he tried to correct everyone, his was one of the school's more popular showerings.
- the allowance was cut for a dance that the school never had?
- that ever-clumsy Yank, Andy Asher, while checking over the new dining hall, knocked over a large number of pipes in the dark cellar room?

And finally, remember when a certain teacher's name was hung out over the pool-room window in two-foot letters to the delight of many—a sight which could be seen for miles.

Yes, P.C. was not without its humorous occasions, and we hope that the few reported will stimulate the reader's mind to remember many more.

—Alan Leitch

Awards

Each year, the Graduating Class chooses one of its members who best exemplifies the ideals of Pickering College. The GARRAT CANE was awarded this year to LeRoy Simons. Our Congratulations to him for his fine achievement.

LeRoy Simons and Joseph McCulley



The WIDDINGTON AWARD is also given to members of the Graduating Class. This year, Tom Bryant, Bob Forbes and LeRoy Simons were chosen to accept this award for their notable contributions to our community in leadership and student affairs. These three recipients received their awards at the Closing Dinner.

G. N. T. Widdrington, Bob Forbes, LeRoy Simons and Tom Bryant



The ROGERS CANE goes to the boy in Firth House who best exemplifies the House motto: "All for one and one for all". This year, Guy McLaughlin was chosen the boy who contributed most to Firth House life.

Samuel Rogers and Guy McLaughlin

The ANNA BELUGIN MEMORIAL PRIZE is awarded each year to a student or students who were considered to have shown a thoughtful approach to academics and lively intellectual curiosity.

This year the award was made to David Veale.

B. W. Jackson and David Veale

Graduating Class



LES BAILIE

Les, or "Turkey", a successful school "drop-in" from Toronto, patriarch of the smoking room, made his reputation at Pickering this year through his lively dialogues with Mr. Wolfe in English class, his firm demands for cream in his coffee at breakfast, and his threats to get upset if too much academic pressure were exerted. His ambition is not to return to secondary school next year. We predict a career as chauffeur and Boswell to a certain successful salesman.



FRED BICKNESE

Fred, a Dutch American emigrated to Pickering this year to honour the school with his presence. He took part in this year's drama production and portrayed the English butler Basset in the Operetta "Where's Charlie?". Fritz was a member of the Rooters Club, Gold Team and Intermediate Football and Basketball squads. The "Flying Dutchmen" were fortunate to have this irreplaceable star in left field during the baseball season. Some of his devout interests are photography, girls, electronics and reading inconsequential literature. Lower South was blessed with his harmonious voice and whistling throughout all hours of the day. The top student in his German class, Fred believes that sleeping is a firm builder of the mind. He will probably pursue engineering at Queens next Fall.



LESTER BROWN

The monosyllable "Brown" announced the arrival of one of Kirkland Lake's ambassadors to Pickering. He contributed his athletic talents to Senior Football, curling and track. He was an active member in the Polikon Club and an ardent member of the Red Team. Les plans to enter Laurentian University where he will study economics. However, rumours say that he and Steve will open a hair salon (would you believe double "o"?) in Toronto.



TOM BRYANT

One of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Northland, Tom, who hails from Kirkland Lake, had a very busy year. A second year man at P.C., Tom played halfback on the Intermediate football team, defense in Senior hockey and first base on the victorious Scotsmen baseball team. A prominent member of the Polikon Club, Tom found enough time and energy to be Red Team's Year Captain, to take part in the Operetta "Where's Charlie?" as well as to serve as Secretary on the Committee for the greater part of the year. An avid fan of "Good Music", Tom was belligerently opposed to any perversion of current hits at any time throughout the year. Consequently "Shut up, Fred" will be one of the memories Tom will leave with this year's thirteen corridor. Tom has his sights set on a Bachelor of Arts degree at Waterloo next year. Who knows, he may make it.



RON COULTER

"Colts", who hails from the Sault, has brought with him much of the spirit so long associated with that part of the country. He has, with this valuable aid, played excellently on senior basketball, senior tennis, and intermediate football teams. Other endeavours have included being a card-carrying member of the Red Squad and generally trying to pass Grade Thirteen. However, we do detect hidden talents in the field of illicit gambling. Ronnie hopes to spend 1966-67 at Waterloo or Carleton University.



TED CZARNOTA

Ted, one of the hardest working members of our happy little graduating group, plans to study Pharmacy at the University of Toronto this fall. He probably (to his infinite regret) knows more Polack jokes than any other P.C. graduate in captivity, thanks to the many students who tirelessly contributed to his collection. Ted played Senior Soccer and was a member of the Chapel Committee.



JOE DORLAND

Joe was with us for two years, down from the North, to which his heart always remained true. Strong and silent, he made quite a place for himself at Pickering, serving on the Chapel Committee his first year and both years playing a very active part in sports. In his Grade 13 year he played intermediate football in the autumn, took weight training in the winter and was an enthusiastic ball player.



ANDY GIBSON

This year the "hilltop" was privileged to offer food and shelter to a real live "limey" in the person of Andrew Gibson. Andy, who comes from the Salisbury Plain was an honour student throughout the year who served on the school committee for the final two terms. In athletics, Andy was magnificent as captain and centre-half of the almost undefeated Senior Soccer Team in the Fall term. In the Spring term he carried on the good work by instigating Pickering's first rugger team which ended their short season undefeated and unscored upon. Andy was also senior captain of the intramural blue team. Andy hopes to study medicine at the University of Toronto next year. His probable destination will be some hospital in England, tying knots in the patients' pyjamas.



BOB GRANDE

During his sojourn at Pickering, Bob has managed to put his diverse talents to good use. He has been president and clerk of the Polikon Club, and has acted major roles in many plays and operettas. This year he was a member of the senior football team, the senior tennis club, and the Silver Intramural Squad. Bob was also chairman of the UNICEF drive for the Polikon Club, and made notable contributions to our school newspaper. Often up to something unusual, Bob has many times amazed and amused us, what with conducting the odd geometry class and selling "rowing machines". He has spent his last two summers commuting between the College and Colombo, and plans to join his comrades at York University in the fall of '66.



PETER GRIFFIN

Peter, who came to Pickering from Bermuda this year, was one of the more relaxed members of our graduating class. Peter's plans for the coming year were indefinite as this book went to press. He was active in the Root of Minus One Club, and the Downtown Club, which he founded. He will best be remembered for many of his incisive comments and questions in class. Peter was frequently "non-satisfied" but seldom nonplussed.

HARRY HURIY

"Happy" arrived at Pickering three years ago from the steel city of Hamilton. He played middle linebacker for the senior football team, was vice-skip in curling, and threw the shot in track. He also participated in drama, and played a central role in *You Can't Take It With You*, and was a member of the Rooters Club. Next year Harry plans to enter Sociology or Economics at Carleton. He may return as a tutor if his plans do not work out. It is our belief that he will probably return here as a French teacher.



BRUCE ROBINSON

Bruce, or Barbados Babs, has spent one brief but successful year on the hilltop. His sports activities have included senior soccer, senior tennis, senior basketball and the senior club. All these he has participated in with the fine sportsmanship which comes, quite obviously with seniority. Moreover, Bruce has written for the Quaker Cracker. In playing his West Indian Music he has succeeded in winning our ears to the steel drum and bongo. Babs will move on to York University next year, taking business administration and will no doubt end up by raising a luxury hotel on his beloved Island in the Sun.

BILL SHIVAS

"Shiv", the stalwart from the "Gem of the North Shore" was a wounded member of the intermediate football squad. His greatest ambition is to be "like ten men". His activities for the year consisted of being a member of the Thirty Club, and the Infirmary Club. He also belonged to the Red Team as well as playing intermediate football, senior ice hockey and a new sport to Pickering, rugger. His famous saying, "I don't smoke, drink, or kiss women", will be remembered by all of the thirteen corridor.



LEROY SIMONS

From Bermuda, one of Britain's smallest colonies, comes one of Bermuda's biggest exports, LeRoy "Bommer" Simons. LeRoy has spent the last four years at Pickering and has participated with great enthusiasm in sports and extra curricular activities. He was a member of the senior soccer, the midget junior and senior basketball and the track and field teams. His other activities include the Polikon Club, Quaker Cracker, and three Glee Club productions. This year he has done an invaluable job as Chairman of the Student Committee. LeRoy's ambitions are either teaching or social work, and this year he has shown his ability in this field by helping many with their problems. His probable destination is recruiting a police force for Bermuda.



TAYLOR STATTEN

Tike is a newcomer to Canada and Pickering, having come from Montreal. His contributions to athletics were praiseworthy as he was a two man in Senior football, played centre for first basketball and was a valuable asset to the undefeated rugger squad. His leadership abilities ranged from Senior captain of the Red Team to a position on the Student Committee for three terms. An avid member of the Thirty Club, Tike still found time to mingle with the opposite sex and take a lead role in this year's Glee Club production. The students of Lower South will continue to remember him for his recurring demands for toothpaste, deodorant, soap, etc. Currently, Tike plans to further his education at Western eventually graduating with an Arts degree.



ERIC THIESSEN

Eric "Greaser" Thiessen, from that unheard-of place called B.C., has had an outstanding year at Pickering. Eric served well on three first teams: Senior Soccer, Senior Hockey, and the newly formed Rugger team. His other activities included being a member of the Thirty Club and the Senior Club. This South House celebrity plans a career in Physical Education; however, the current consensus is that he will probably end up picking apples in B.C.



Grade Twelve Graduating Class

The following students plan to begin their post secondary school education this fall:



JOHN COOK

Cookie is a two-year man at P.C. He hails from London where he says it's fun. He has served on two championship senior football teams and also played basketball and senior track. He is a well-respected member of the School Committee and the 30 Club. Next year he plans to attend Ryerson.

BILL DEMCOE

"Q.B." has attended P.C. for two years. Bill was a co-captain and quarterback of our senior football team and also played basketball until he put his finger through a wall. Next year Bill plans to stay in Montreal, where he resides, and attend University.



BOB FORBES

"Forbsie" has attended P.C. for two years. In that time he played senior basketball and managed the senior football team. Bob has been a very valuable member of the School Committee and 30 Club. Bob is yet undecided about what he is going to do next year, however we wish him luck in whatever he does.

STEVE LASKY

"Stevie Wonder" hails from Miami Beach where he soaks up all the sun. Steve has attended P.C. for two years and has played senior soccer, rugger and intermediate basketball. He also served as president of the Polikon Club. Next year the Yank will attend an American University in Washington, D.C.



JOHN LITTLE

John, who hails from the utopia of Northern Ontario (not the 'Sue'), plans to attend the northern equivalent of Ryerson (NOIT) in the fall. Few residents of the senior corridor will forget John's happy shouts of glee as he went about his work during study. They served as a source of inspiration to many others who could not get at their work. John played for the Senior Soccer team, and was active in curling and tennis.

DOUG MacDONALD

Doug was a latecomer from Sudbury via Guelph this year. He played Senior Basketball and a lot of billiards. Doug is undecided, but will probably attend Waterloo next year. He was a valuable asset to the history and English classes, as his alert mind continually found inconsistencies in the arguments of Messrs. Purdy and Wolfe.



ALAN SHULLY

"Shoals" of Toronto has been a student for three years at P.C. He has played on the senior football and basketball teams. Al has served on the School Committee for the last two years and is an active member of the Polikon Club. Next year, he plans to return to his native habitat, Toronto, and attend Ryerson.



Tutors: David Ferris, Ivan St. John, Jim Murray, Doug Boulton, Bob Binkley, Winston Josiah.

The Tutors

This year's highly responsible, able-bodied tutors carried out their duties, both in athletics and in supervision, with extreme diligence. This aristocratic collection of scholars was comprised of Douglas "Bolts" Boulton, (our ambassador from Bradford), Dave "Vee" Ferris (the Barracuda salesman from Aurora), Robert "Bink" Binkley (who is planning to become an O.P.P. in his spare time), William "Scummy" Josiah (our walking TV Guide), Ivan "Ive" St. John (a local yokel), and James Murray.

Several of these young gentlemen were partially responsible for some of the outstanding athletic endeavours throughout the year such as the senior rugby championship and the best season in years for the junior rugby and prep hockey teams.

Once again the senior members of the staff kept these stalwarts in line. We hope that the tutors of the future will continue to uphold the fine standards set by this year's clan.

—Dave Ferris

Undergraduates



Grade Nine:

First Row: G. Smith, B. Reynolds, D. Pearson, C. Rogers, D. Benedict, K. Coulter, J. Greenblatt, C. Burslem, G. Schlegel.

Second Row: D. Young, B. Hosmoll, B. Bigelow, K. Boker, R. Forber, R. Watson, P. Hermon, D. Cole, D. Edington.

Third Row: D. Kollmeyer, T. Syer, G. Meiklejohn, N. McKoy, R. Hogorth, P. Kelsick, U. Anderson, P. McNally, D. Beattie.



Grade Ten:

First Row: G. Dopulos, D. Gruber, M. Philip, J. Wright, R. Richon, J. Lynn, J. Rodbord, M. MacIntosh.

Second Row: K. Koczor, B. Adamson, M. Sossin, A. Shonoff, C. Mogyorossi, D. Kidd, B. Delingat, N. Coleman.

Third Row: T. TerMeer, P. Weisberg, R. Small, D. Cockburn, C. Spofford, H. Freedman, E. Rynord, C. Smith.



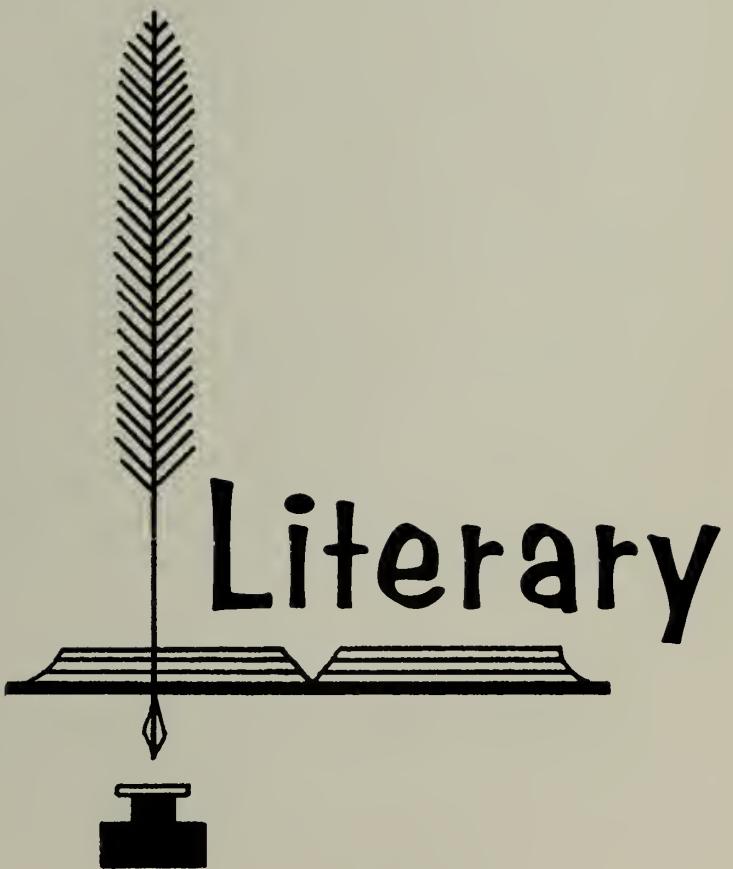
Grade Eleven:

First Row: J. Evans, S. Seath, D. Lepage, J. Leslie, T. Guggisberg, J. Essery, C. Lockley.
Second Row: B. Cooper, B. Russel, K. Strauss, L. Berman, J. Way, J. Vonstone, M. MacNeil, G. Atkin.
Third Row: J. Noer, J. Burnham, J. Hutchins, B. Luxton, R. Hogan, L. Begg, B. Vine.



Grade Twelve:

First Row: B. Morgan, J. Sporling, J. Hondol, D. Crook, J. White, D. Hope, D. Wilson, B. Crawford, G. McIntosh, B. Sherman.
Second Row: B. Demcoe, P. Mitchell, G. Dore, J. Cook, B. Bridgmon, S. Losky, A. Leitch, M. Kennedy, D. Keenan.
Third Row: R. Brown, A. Asher, A. Shully, B. Forbes, D. Forquhor, G. Kinzie, B. Grieve, I. Kidd, R. McLellan, B. Bowmen.



Pickering College,
le octobre, 1965.

Chère Maman,

Je suis ici maintenant depuis un mois et les choses s'avancent. Chaque jour il y a quelque chose de nouveau! Pour tout confesser, l'école a bien de la chance puisque je suis ici car je suis toujours prêt à tous aider. A ce moment déjà, j'ai conseillé M. Bière de la manière dans laquelle on doit diriger cette école. J'ai dit à mes professeurs la façon dans laquelle ils devraient enseigner leurs classes. Grâce à moi, ces classes marchent assez bien!

Chaque soir à neuf heures et demie et, aussi, de temps en temps le matin, avant les classes, je tire ma Bible de ma poche et commence à lire à ces pauvres garçons. Je suis bien récompensé car les garçons me remercient continuellement.

J'assiste à des matchs de football et donne mon appui à l'autre équipe en disant à mes camarades de ne pas faire mal à ces bons voisins. Bien entendu, je ne suis jamais involvé dans ces sports car tout le monde ici sait bien que je suis trop grand et vigoureux pour ces petits garçons!

Et Maman, ne t'inquiète pas quand il s'agit de regarder les notes de mes épreuves. Je conserve mes efforts pour de grands examens et puis, tu verras des notes vraiment merveilleuses!

Franchement Maman, je ne suis pas certain que tous les garçons me comprennent mais, c'est encore de bonne heure, n'est-ce pas? Peut-être plus tard verront-ils que je suis la personne la plus importante de l'école. Comme je suis content que tu m'as toujours assuré de ce fait!

Cordialement, assurément, et avec toutes mes tendresses,

Ton bon fils,
Malcolm J. Rasputin.

P.S. Quelques jours passés il y avait un jour pour nous, les nouveaux garçons. Tu seras bien contente de savoir que j'ai refusé de co-opérer en faisant des choses ridicules! Maintenant je suis plus bien connu que jamais!

The Ballad of Cut-Up McGoody

*Gather round all you rodders, for I want you to hear
Of an untold story 'bout a brave buccaneer,
Cut-up McGoody was this rodder's name,
On a nine second gasser he rode to fame.*

*He conquered all records in his "B" machine,
'Cause the competition quit when he made the scene,
The gasser he rode was of his own design
And the trophies he won numbered "289".*

*"Timer" called McGoody 'bout half past eight
And he kissed his girl at the staging lane gate,
Strapped himself in, put his gloves on his hands,
Said, "This is my trip, to the promised land".*

*That "33" Willys with the big "Chryco Mill"
Took McGoody to heaven but he's famous still,
The fans all knew by the wide slick's squeal,
That Cut-up McGoody was at the wheel.*

*He chased it off the line 'bout four thousand,
With the beef-up clutch 'bout to break its housin',
The twist went back to the limit slip end,
With the big Buick rims startin' to bend,*

*McGoody said "Car, now don't you fret
We're still together and we didn't give yet,
I'm goin' to run you 'til the engine slows,
The slicks give out and the rear end goes".*

*It was about here that the end came in sight,
The slicks were so bare, they were gettin' no bite,
The engine sounded rugged, transmission "a goin'"
The car was still runnin', but the strain was "a showin'".*

*Cut-up McGoody roared through the din.
He'd stick with his car through thick and thin,
For he loved to hear the roar of old number one
As he chased it off the line for another run.*

*Headaches and heartaches and all sorts of woe
Are all part of a draggin' show,
But tales that are noble, earnest, and grand,
Belong to the life of a draggin' man.*

—Jim Leslie

Northern Ontario: Utopia of the Western Hemisphere

Kirkland, Sudbury, and The Sault, Timmins and the Lakehead too — these are just a few of the densely populated areas that are found in Canada's most industrious region. From a geographical point of view, Northern Ontario completely surrounds that small, insignificant southern village of Toronto. From the border of Manitoba it follows the Great Lakes around to the northern portion of Georgian Bay, and then extends directly eastward to the Quebec border.

There is no other expanse of land so beautiful, so peaceful, on earth. In winter the sparkling snow engulfs the wondrous pine trees, while in summer the moon spreads its glory over a quiet lake. Springtime brings the pure water gushing over the numerous falls, and autumn brings the glorious colours of Mother Nature to full bloom.

The Lakehead, composed of Port Arthur, Fort William and Terrace Bay, is famous for its bustling ports, wine, women, and a little bit of song.

Sault Ste. Marie, its breweries and steel mills working 'round the clock, has helped Northern Ontario achieve its great height in the industrial world.

Canada's most productive lumber community, Thessalon, is world renowned for its beautiful jackpine and its toothpick factories.

Sudbury, the nickel capital of the world, sends forth its great politicians and philosophers each year to help Canada's spirited economy. Another one of its exports is "Nuts and Bolts", that favourite pre-meal snack.

North Bay, often referred to as "The Gateway to the North", is the site of a Bomarc missile base, solely concerned with protecting Canada's manufacturing empire.

Kirkland Lake, "The Hub of the North on the Nile of Gold", may soon replace Ottawa as the nation's capital.

From this great northern community branch all phases of industry. Inflation would overtake the American economy if Kirkland Lake were not willing to supply a minute portion of its gold to Fort Knox. Timmins, Cochrane and Kapuskasing complete the major centres of the vast, influential North. All the other cities have less than 200,000 people.

This is just a brief summary of Northern Ontario. For further information, check the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Volumes IX to XIV.

—Tom Bryant.

**Wanted
One Speler
(advertisement)**

Each of us, at some time, will have to write a letter of application. We include the following letter as a handy guide for future reference.

187 Fenn Ave.
Willowdale, Ont.
May 6, 1966.

Mr. Alfred Irving
Spelers Incorerated
120 Bloor St. East
Toronto 5, Ont.

Deer Mr. Irving

You're advertisement in the *Toronto Star* for a speler interested me immeanealy. I should like to aplly for the possition.

In a few weaks I shall be graduated (permity) from Pikering Colege, where I have successfully completed eight years of grade twelve. In my senior yeers I woned a speling "B"

For the past two years I have partisipated in speling "B" all over Canda. Because of my experiances across Canda, I have picked up a unkue form of speling as my letre sugests. Informative conserning my works and my character may be optained from the folowing:

Mr. Maxwell Smart, Top Speler for Control, Address unknown.
Mr. Smith, assistant speler for *The Evening Telegram*.
Mr. Moris Wolfe, Councillor for you're truly.

I should be very glad to come for an interview at any time exsept on Mondays from 1:00 PM to 12:59 AM, Tuesdays from 9:35 AM to 9:34 PM, Wednesday from 2:16 PM to 1:59 AM. In general, I won't be available; All my leevenes are cut.

Yours truly,
Love,
Bob.

XOXOXOXOX

—Robert Grieve

Hurricane!

There it lay, a beautiful green island in the middle of the sun-drenched Atlantic Ocean. It was only eighteen miles long and less than two miles wide, shaped like a huge fish-hook. There was not a prettier sight to be seen for hundreds of miles.

Small pastel-coloured houses with gleaming, lime washed, white roofs dotted the entire surface of the island. Around the coastline many secluded bays and inlets served as moorings and shelters for all types of sailing and pleasure craft, from little one-man punts to large, luxurious cabin cruisers and sailing yachts.

The whole southern side of the island was an eighteen-mile stretch of pink, sandy beaches, washed gently by the warm, turquoise waters. All during the heat of the day, these beaches were used by sunbathers and swimmers. During the cool of the early morning and the evening, they were deserted except for the occasional pair of lovers locked in their passion on the sand, a lone equestrian trotting his horse along the water-line, or someone who just came to sit on the rocks and listen to the sound of the gentle surf and the cry of the sea-birds in the cliffside nests.

The island was entirely surrounded by brown coral reefs which formed a natural ring of protection. At low tide they jutted as much as four feet out of the water, and at high tide they were barely discernible in the gentle wash of the sea.

One day during the late summer, there was a lingering heaviness in the air which seemed to forecast something terrible. The dead heat of the atmosphere was absolutely suffocating. There was a surprisingly heavy surge and swell along the reefs with no noticeable wind to account for it. There were certain signs that forecast, to some of the more experienced natives of the island, an inkling of a spell of rough weather.

First, there was a mass exodus of crabs from their holes on the southern shores of the island. They were moving inland in thousands, across the road that ran along the coastline above the beaches. Secondly, there were still many old fishermen around who still believed in the ancient custom of predicting the weather by observing the sediment in a bottle of shark's oil, hung outside in a tree. On this day, the sediment in the oil was swirling around inside the bottle. To them, this was a sure sign of bad weather.

That evening, a breeze sprang up from the south-west. The sun set in a weird-looking sky that was overcast with a dirty, yellowish haze through which the half-light of the rapidly gathering dusk shone wanly. By the time darkness had fallen, the wind had switched direction and was blowing fairly strongly from the east.

During the night, short rain and squalls drummed on the rooftops and the window panes of the houses on the island. These were followed by sudden calms, where lightning could be seen playing along the horizon. The restless seas could be heard, pounding across the reefs.

At dawn the next morning, low, gray clouds could be seen, scudding above heavy seas. Inland, treetops were whipping and lashing in frequent gusts of high winds. By mid-morning the barometer was dropping steadily and the wind was becoming stronger.

Every now and again, a thin finger of lightning traced the sky. Deep valleys of thunder could be heard in the distance. The air became chilly and damp, and the swiftly fading light warned of the approach of a fast-moving hurricane.

Suddenly, there was a brilliant flash of lightning that seemed to linger for a few seconds, bathing the landscape in an eerie white glow. This was followed by an instant crash of thunder that threatened to smash everything in sight. A few big raindrops began falling, and then, without warning, a furious blast of wind and rain came raging across the beaches and through the trees, the wind driving the rain in thick sheets along the ground. Blinding flash after blinding flash of lightning threatened to set fire to everything, in spite of the drenching rain. Peal on peal of booming thunderblasts and the roaring wind combined to utterly drown all other sounds.

Spray from the ocean was being thrown well inland by the winds which were now raging constantly in excess of eighty miles an hour.

In the main city of the island, clouds of spray from the harbour half concealed all the streets and buildings. Through the spray, one could see people who had been caught off their guard running back and forth seeking adequate shelter. Many shop windows had been boarded up in time, but many others had been left until too late, and every now and then there was the muffled sound of tinkling glass as a store's display window collapsed from the high wind pressure. Right in the middle of the main shopping street, a poor dog sat shivering, cold, scared and streaming with water, not knowing where to turn for shelter.

In the main harbour and in many sheltered coves, similar scenes were unfolding. Craft moored in these places rocked and yawed wildly in the now raging waters. In between curtains of rain that obscured the view temporarily one could see glimpses of boats rising to the crests of the waves and then crashing down into the troughs where they were lost to sight for a second or two.

In all of these shelters, a craft would break its moorings now and then, and it was either swamped by the heavy seas or it was dashed against the shoreline where it disintegrated in a matter of a couple of minutes. In the harbour and in the coves, there was a new danger added to that of the huge waves. Because of the sharp drop in atmospheric pressure, there was a considerable rise in the level of the sea. This resulted in extensive damage to such things as public wharfs and beach huts.

Along the southern coast of the island, great waves were sweeping up onto the beaches, crashing against the rocks and throwing huge spumes of spray high into the air. The roar of the surf piling over the reefs was stunning and deafening, and the roaring wind added its noise to this tumult. The rain knifed into the cliffs like iron pellets.

Now the hurricane was at its peak. Endless flickers of lightning flayed the sky, lighting everything with a clean-cut distinctness. The wind was now roaring between ninety-five and one hundred and five miles an hour.

Everywhere, things were tearing loose from their moorings and their foundations. Trees that had been bending in the wind for more than two hours finally gave way and went crashing to the ground. Utility poles all over the island were toppling over with regular frequency, depriving the island of all sources of electrical

power. There were frightening bursts of flame as wires running to the houses pulled loose, taking with them sections of walls, leaving great gaping holes behind them. Thunder bursts were now coming in ear-splitting bursts.

The ocean was now white with foam, the waves now rolling unchecked in great billows. Pyramids of water leaped thirty feet into the air, crashed against one another, subsided, and rose again.

Finally, the storm culminated in one matchless effort of unleashed fury of wind, rain, and raging seas that threatened to tear the island out of the ocean and hurl it down to the murky depths.

By mid-afternoon, the worst had passed, although out on the breakers, great oily swells of sea still thundered over the reefs in cataracts of white, seething foam.

By late-afternoon the storm had spent itself. It retired with weaker and weaker grumblings, and then was heard no more.

By sunset, the sky was almost cloudless; the breeze was blowing in gently from the ocean. In the warm glow of the early sunset, the reefs were barely discernible in the gentle wash of the sea. A solemn hush fell across the tiny island and peace resumed her sway.

—LeRoy Simons

The Committee and Loyalty

As an elected body it is our job to act as guardians of the school's rights and morale, not only in the corridors and classrooms, but also throughout the entire Pickering community.

Since we are an elected body, it is the responsibility of the students to see that the members are chosen without regard to personal feelings, but rather on the basis of their contribution to the Pickering community.

If this is done, then you, as students, are obligated to support your representatives by upholding the rules, and to offer suggestions and criticism when you find them necessary.

It is for this reason, I think, that at Pickering we have one of the best governing systems available to a school. Granted, most institutions have a school committee or council, but ours is a committee with a difference. Some of you may not be aware of this, but at Pickering the Headmaster comes to the Committee for advice and with problems which are discussed at informal meetings. Decisions made at these meetings are arrived at, not by vote, but by talking the problem out until a logical, suitable solution is found. This solution is respected by the staff and should also be respected by the student body.

Since Pickering is a private school, it attracts students from all or most walks of life, having many different outlooks on this life. This is why it is virtually impossible to please everyone. Our main objective is to initiate and preserve a smooth-running community. Since the school is no stronger than those who stand behind it, we would ask your help in fulfilling this aim.

—Bob Forbes
(excerpt from a chapel talk)

The Silver Tin of Cocoa

Barry Carlson could hardly keep from singing with joy as he returned from work Friday afternoon. He laughed aloud as he thought of how it would be when Laura was gone — wine, women, song, and a trip around the world. That was how he liked it — always on the move. Laura had been like that, but marriage had changed her. Barry laughed again and burst out with a few verses of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home".

He had bought the poison at a small drugstore in Brockville for two hundred dollars. It was worth every cent. He had hidden his face and used a false name; no one could trace him. As he waited for a light to change, Barry opened the paper bag beside him to read the label once more. "Fluoromine", it said. In the Charleston Chemical Research Laboratory where he worked, he had overheard that unless a detailed autopsy was performed, the verdict would undoubtedly be heart failure. The small amount he would place in Laura's cocoa would do the trick.

That evening, while Laura was out shopping, Barry searched the cupboards for the cocoa. He checked other tins until he found it in the sugar tin. Almost trembling, he mixed the brown powder in with the brown cocoa, replaced the lid, and put the silver tin back in its spot on the shelf.

Later that night, both Barry and Laura sat watching television in the living-room. Barry couldn't keep his mind on the dry documentary.

"I think I'll turn in now," remarked Laura, punctuating her sentence with a yawn. "I've had a busy day." She rose and retreated to the kitchen for some hot cocoa.

"I guess I'll stay up for the late news." And then on impulse he called, "Will you fix me a cup of coffee, honey?" Her affirmative reply came back in a second.

Barry sat in his favourite chair, sipping his coffee and smiling. Any minute the "tragedy" would happen. Laura would unfortunately succumb to a heart attack. Weak hearts ran in the family. Barry visualized once more his wild playboy life.

He downed the last of his drink and marched into the kitchen for a second cup. He wondered how Laura was. He called to her in the bedroom.

"Laura, dear."

"Yes, Barry," was the prompt answer. She sounded too alive. Was something wrong? Maybe the poison took longer to work than he expected.

Barry countered by saying, "Where's the instant coffee?"

After a brief pause her answer came back. "It's in the silver tin labelled 'sugar'."

The coroner's verdict was a heart attack. With Barry's life insurance money, Laura took a cruise around the world and moved to France.

Three months later, the Brockville druggist was still bragging of how he had sold a man some instant coffee for two hundred dollars.

—*Bob Russel.*

Sounds of Silence

'To be or not to be'.
Words uttered by a fool
Upon the stage.
Yet it is a good thing
To think over.
Of all lives there is
to live, which
Shall I be?
. . . An actor! Yes.
Upon the stage I give my all.
Listen!

Listen to that crowd.
Standing ovation.
This is nothing for me.
There hasn't been nor will there ever be
An actor as superb as me.
Olivier away! You're an old man.
You haven't a chance.
You ain't got what it takes.
You're finished. CAPUT!
It's curtains for that
Bum Burton.
When I'm finished with Hamlet
You'll be referred to as a
Babbling fool.
. . . But have no fear.
I'll leave you,
I'll spare these amateurs.
I want no part of words
And petty plays.
I want action!
. . . Boxing, That's it!
I can see it now.
New York, Madison Square Gardens.
Full House. W/B/A Championship.
He's favourite but I'll whip him.
The bell sounds; the fight is on.
A right, a left,
Right to the chin.
Another right; left to the mouth.
A series — Right, left, right.
Right hook, left to the eye
Left to the chin, right to the stomach.
That did it.
He's on the canvas.

*No movement. K.O.
. . . seven, eight, nine
Ten.*

*I won!
World Champion, the greatest,
No one's as good as me.
. . . But fighting is for the fit.
I'll leave the ring of sweat
And take up the pen.*

*. . . People cram into the store
To get their hands on my works.
Everyone wants to read them.
Kids, teens, priests
And professors.*

*Look how they try to interpret
My work. Fools. Babbling
Teachers explain to their class
What is not meant. They've done it
To Shakespeare, Hardy, Chesterton,
Lewis and Orwell.*

Idiots!

*With teachers comes the flock of
Critics, Ph.D's, professors,
But none will unfold the hidden meanings.*

*"Thank you, Your Majesty."
"My first trip to your country was
Very exciting; I think I shall come to
Sweden next year.*

Yes Sir, I will. Thank you."

Another prize.

*Hemingway, Twain, Shakespeare,
Steinbeck, Sartre, all shrink
Under my name.*

*Authors, poets, playwrights come
And go, but none can compose
A masterpiece equivalent to mine.*

. . . But of all the things

I really want to be,

Most of all is me.

. . . How the mind wanders

Among the endless ideas. Yet

*The sounds of silence are of assorted kinds
Transfixed within the body of the mind.*

—Harry Huriy

*An excerpt from a longer poem
titled "Sounds of Silence"*

How To Sleep In Class

To many people, there is an art to doing everything under the sun — yes, even to sleeping in class. What reason could you have for sleeping in class? Could it be that you were running up and down the corridor last night when you should have been in bed? Or could it be that you sneaked out to Toronto last night and had to hitch-hike back at three o'clock this morning? I know; maybe you've just got tired blood and you've run out of Geritol. Well, whatever your reason, if you are going to sleep in class, you must do it properly.

There are many ways of sleeping in class that are not recognized by the International Sleepers' Society (I.S.S.). These include such methods as: pitching a tent at the back of the classroom so you won't be disturbed; going to class in your pajamas and carrying a pillow for comfort; and even reclining with your feet propped up on your desk. What I am trying to say is that becoming an accomplished sleeper in the classroom involves making some sacrifices. You can't expect to have a radio in your desk to lull you with soft mood music, or a pillow to make your sleep more comfortable, or a blanket to pull around your eyes to block the light. You must learn to improvise with what is already in the classroom.

The most often used method of sleeping in class is that of genuinely falling asleep because you couldn't help yourself. To use this method you have to stay up until at least two o'clock the night before, and you have to be fairly active while you are awake. Then you have to be wakened by an alarm clock by seven o'clock in the morning. The purpose of the alarm is to unsettle your nerves, which have just started to calm down. After this you shouldn't have too much trouble going back to sleep once classes begin.

The second most used method is that of placing a book partially in your lap and partially on your desk, and then placing one arm across the edge of your desk and burying your head in your book . . . I mean your arm. The other arm is left free to turn the pages of the book every now and then. Common sense will tell you that the book in your lap is an excuse for having your head on your arm.

Another method of sleeping in class involves a little bit of science, and is not quite so comfortable as the other two methods mentioned.

If you write with your right hand, then you place your left elbow on the desk. Having done this, you open your left hand and gently place your brow in your hand. Now comes the scientific part. First shut your left eye. If you can't see the teacher, fine. Now shut your right eye. If you still can't see the teacher, you're almost ready to start snoring. Now open both eyes wide and, with your hand still over your brow but without moving your head, look all around. If you still can't see the teacher, you are home free. Now, with your right hand, open the book in front of you, hold your pen as if you are making notes, and go to sleep.

This works equally well for the left-handed writer. While not so comfortable as other methods, this one fools the teachers more because you really look as if you are working. Of course, you must be sure not to fall into a deep sleep. If you do, your pen will fall onto the floor, your head will fall onto your book, and the teacher will fall onto you and give you an extra assignment to hand in.

—LeRoy Simons

A Matter of Time

The boy lay with his last few breaths in his lungs as my mind raced back through time. However, perhaps . . . perhaps I should say forward.

The urgency of my voice sounded through the halls of the Cheshire Scientific Experimental Institute. Dr. Starving, my colleague, came running down the hall and burst into the room. We looked at each other with the common knowledge that success was ours at last. For twelve years we had experimented on the exploitation of the fourth dimension — time. We had worked on the theory that all existing objects in the universe have four dimensions, and just as the first three — length, width and depth — could be controlled by man, so could the fourth dimension, time, be forced into the patterns of man's fancies.

In front of us stood what I suppose can be termed a time machine, outwardly resembling a telephone booth. We had worked on the principle of acceleration and deceleration of time. By speeding up the flow of time, one could move into the future, and by reversing this action and slowing time down, one could effectively travel into the past. We had chosen to take this latter course, and I was soon to go back into nineteenth century England and return five hours later. If I were successful, the possibilities were limitless. One could go back in time and see Jesus at the Crucifixion, be with Nelson at Trafalgar, or uncover the mysteries of Easter Island. One could alter history! Going back in time one could, say, kill another man; then all the children of that man would become nonexistent, and in turn all their children. All the people who had known the ones who suddenly disappeared would have their lives and memories changed in an instant. They would forget anything they had ever known about these people, or about anything they had ever done. The thought was a fantastic one.

The boy in my arms gasped and then shuddered violently . . .

I vividly recall the day we checked the mechanics of the machine for the last time and then retired to our quarters for a brief rest. Two hours later I was stepping into the machine, and Dr. Starving and I were bidding each other typically English unemotional farewells.

With the dial set for the destined year, I pushed the lever forward. The machine shook and jolted as it broke the confines of time and retreated into the memories of yesterday.

Sitting on the small stool, I watched the years slip by. The Institute Building became newer, and I could see a younger Dr. Starving and a younger version of myself working in the laboratory. (According to our theory, all objects need four dimensions to exist. Because of time movement, my fourth dimension was absent for them, and I was therefore invisible.) As I saw the two scientists standing there, I was very tempted to stop and speak with them, but I resisted this temptation and so I sped on. I had no memory of ever meeting an older self, and therefore if I stopped, I would alter my memory.

The walls of the building around me began to disappear brick by brick. I sped on as if in a spinning, spinning dream. Dizziness overcame me and I fell unconscious. The jolt of the machine as it halted awoke me. I realized I was

now in the 1880's and stepping out of the machine. I saw that I was in a quaint country meadow. I inhaled some clean, fresh air and set out across the fields.

I had with me some old English money, and was dressed in the apparel of the times. I traversed field after field, fields that seemed to gleam with a fresher hue than those from which I had come. I encountered no one, but at last came to a small village sporting the name of the city I had left — the city in which I had been born.

I walked along the main road of the town and stopped to buy some tobacco and a newspaper in a small shop. Then I continued and before long found myself at the pivot of the community — the pub. I entered, and shortly was sitting drinking from a mug of beer. Success was mine. I had travelled into the past! I was overjoyed.

After several more mugs of beer, I basked in my soon-to-be fame. I had proved that man could safely make time journeys. The fancy of dreaming men was now a reality.

I sat for some time, and eventually became engaged in conversation with a number of fellow drinkers. Suddenly my feeling of elation was interrupted by the realization that night was falling and I had to get back to the machine. It was set for an eight o'clock departure, and it would soon go without me.

I dashed through the door, for it was close to that crucial hour. I darted down the street and inquired of a startled man the whereabouts of the livery stable. He directed me and I rushed down another street. At the stable I tossed the attendant a few shillings and leapt into a buggy. Whipping the horses frantically, I careened down the main road. I was horrified at the thought of being stranded here. I passed by the shops and was leaving the outskirts of the village behind me.

Suddenly a dark form darted from the blackening hedges beside the road and into the path of my horses! I heard a horrible scream as I yanked back hard on the reins. The buggy passed over the body and came to a halt sharply, nearly tossing me from it. I leapt out, ran to the limp, broken and bleeding body, and lifted a small lad into my arms. The thought of manslaughter was awful, but even worse was the thought that this boy had grown up in my time and probably had children. They might have been famous or destined for great things.

Now, if this child died, he would never marry, never reproduce; and this would alter the lives of countless people who had known those children who now would never be. Anyone who had known them would forget them. If one had written a book, it would disappear on the instant this lad died, and everyone who had read it would instantly forget it, for it would never have been written. If they had not read the book, they would have done something else at the time they would have been reading it. Doing that something else would affect others' thoughts and actions. This would carry on, one thing leading to another, and so on to infinity. The repercussions were astounding and unlimited. My brain whirled and my heart pounded.

Before the boy slipped into unconsciousness, I hurriedly asked him one question.

"What is your name, son?"
He gasped out his answer.
Arnold Masters."

My face must have drained a pale and deadly white as I realized that the name Arnold Masters was very familiar to me. This boy was my father.

He gasped again, his limbs stiffened, and he died . . .

—Bruce Robinson.

The Express To Edinburgh

The London smog floated about the station like a bad dream. It was exactly 1:15 and the express roared through rattling the dewy light fixtures and the closed, store windows.

Panting and hissing, the train pulled to a stop, the moisture running down the little grooves and troughs about the windows. With sighs of satisfaction and "It's about time", the people filed aboard, shaking the water off their coats and from their hats.

At Sheffield so many people got on the train it was surprising. Then, as the train roared on through the night, smoking and snoring became most people's amusements. Leeds was the next stop and, thankfully for those going on to Edinbrough, many of the passengers got off. The next station was Newcastle; the train roared right on through without stopping. Then came a terrific veer to the right due to the train's speed, and several curses over spilled coffee.

The train straightened out; then again came a banging and scraping veer to the left, then right, then straight again. A hiss came from the loudspeaker but no voice, then a bang from outside and the sound of the loudspeaker being turned off.

"What's going on!"; "Where's this train going anyway!" were the angry yells of the passengers.

Seventeen miles to Edinburgh, the sign said, and in twenty minutes the train pulled up in the station. Visibility was still poor, but a couple of single lights and a poorly lit Edinburgh sign peeped through the hazy windows. People folded their newspapers, gathered their things and started for the door.

Once outside, all the passengers huddled together.

"Tain't Edinburgh," one said, his voice deep and low. As they looked around they saw no bright fluorescent-lit platform with bustling officials—only the bleak, dreary train hissing beside this small platform and a dim waiting room.

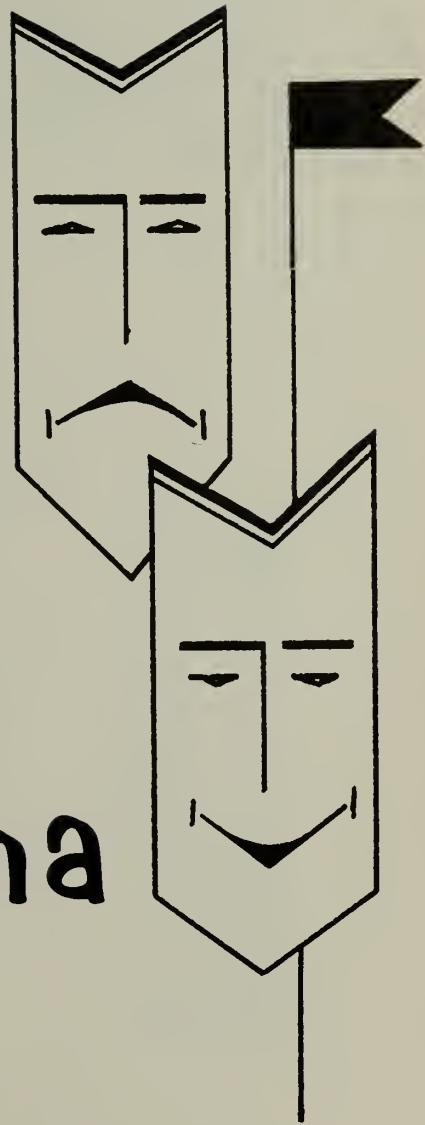
Some remained outside; others entered the waiting room. Inside there was a small stove, a counter, a few beat-up benches, and a newsstand. One inquisitive gentleman inserted a coin and bought a paper. He stood still for a moment, then read slowly and painfully, "Train Disaster, 36 Killed, Express to Edinburgh".

—Ritchie Lee

Students at work and play



Drama



You Can't Take It With You

The Pickering College Drama Club presented Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's *You Can't Take It With You* this year to an enthusiastic and delighted audience. The play revolves around a family in New York in that wonderful era of the 1930's. This, however, isn't a typical family; it has its little idiosyncracies.

Grandpa, played by Harry Huriy, gave up work many years ago simply because he got tired of going to work every day. He collects stamps, visits his doctor-policeman friend, feeds his snakes, philosophizes, and on occasion attends commencement exercises. The role is a difficult one to play, as Grandpa must be unobtrusive and at the same time the focal point of the action; Harry played this part most adequately.

Penelope Sycamore, played by Susan Sproule, has been writing a play for several years because a typewriter was delivered to the house by mistake. Susan was both attractive and zestful in her portrayal.

Bob Grande did a splendid portrayal of Kolenkhov, a Russian ballet teacher. Bob has a gripping style of acting, and had no difficulty holding the undivided attention of the audience.

Paul Sycamore and Mr. De Pinna, played by John Noer and Paul Weisberg, make fireworks in the basement. These fireworks often explode, causing further commotion in the already hectic household. One of the highspots of the play was Paul's appearance in a toga as a discus thrower.

Ed and Essie Carmichael are a young couple who live in a world of fantasy. Ed produces leaflets advocating the overthrow of the government, and Essie makes candies to sell with the leaflets inside. John Hutchins was most amusing as Ed, and Debbie Sproule gave a fine performance as Essie.

Fred Bicknese convincingly portrayed a man from the Internal Revenue Service, who comes to collect several years of back taxes which Grandpa owes. The Internal Revenue Service is no match for Grandpa, however, as Fred soon discovered.

Alan Leitch and Linda Noble played Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, who come to dinner to meet the family of their son's girlfriend. They were, of course, thunderstruck at this unbelievable display of apparent irresponsibility. Alan and Linda did fine jobs.

Kim Strauss, who joined the cast just a few days before the performance, did a remarkable job in the part of Tony Kirby.

Alice Sycamore, the young daughter in love with Tony, was played by Leslie Taylor. She was calm both on stage and off. Leslie caught the spirit of her part immediately and didn't falter throughout the play.

Nancy Noble played Gay Wellington, a drunken actress brought home to read Penny's plays. The audience greatly enjoyed her very amusing performance.

Meeka Van Beek was very good as the Sycamore's maid, Rheba. Jim Burnham played Donald, Rheba's boyfriend, with very realistic vacuity.

Elizabeth Beer, as usual, gave a fine performance. Playing the Grand Duchess Olga required a Russian accent and mannerisms; Mrs. Beer managed this very well.

The four men who come to arrest Ed for writing his leaflets were portrayed well by Bob Sherman, Mike MacIntosh, Craig Spafford and Murray Kennedy.

Finally we come to the man who made this play possible. Morris Wolfe directed the play and spent a lot of time to achieve results. It is a great fallacy that a director has an easy time. It was a tough job, and we would all like to thank Mr. Wolfe for the time and energy he spent in making this play a success.





Where's Charley?

Once again Broadway bounced back to Pickering, and along with it came the full spirit of song and laughter. This year our Glee Club presented "Where's Charley?". The plot of the musical is simple and delightful. It is the story of two Oxford students who invite their lady friends to their apartment "sans chaperon". Charley's aunt, who was to act as chaperone, has not arrived. Charley, an ardent actor, is caught dressed as an elderly lady, and is compelled to play his aunt until she arrives.

The ladies, who think he is the real aunt, are caught in the boys' room by their uncle. When the uncle finds out who she is, he falls madly in love with her, not because of her looks but because of her "twenty million in cool cash". The love interest increases when Jack's father, a former wealthy man who now lacks money, also wants to marry the poor "rich" aunt.

The first major character to appear on stage is Jack Chesney, who was portrayed by Doug MacDonald. Doug did a very fine job. His brilliant performance was marred only once, and that was due to a faulty dance step in the opening scene of the second evening. Doug's voice was clear and very pleasant to listen to. His stage personality was one of the highlights of the evening.

Jack's pal and roommate, Charley Wyndham, was played by Kim Strauss. Kim's voice was pleasant, even though at times it died out at the end of a line. Kim did an excellent portrayal of the aunt; at times, one thought that he really was the aunt. This occurred, for example, in his serious attitude toward his suitors. Another pleasant feature was Kim's soft-shoe routine in "Once in Love with Amy".

Of course, every young man has his leading lady, and once again Newmarket gave us its best. Jack's sweetheart, Kitty Verdun, was played by Henny Iburg. Miss Iburg, an old hand at Pickering musicals, gave a smashing performance. Her lovely soprano voice enchanted the audience. She also exhibited a fine



stage personality which assisted her in giving a truly dynamic performance. Our hope is that she will continue to entertain Pickering audiences for years to come.

Carol Smith portrayed Charley's sweetheart, Amy Spettigue. She, like Miss Ibburg, is not a stranger to Pickering's stage. Miss Smith's voice was delightful, although it lacked strength on the high notes. One of her songs that stood out most was "Make a Miracle".

The villain, or, if you prefer, the "meanie", was Stephen Spettigue, who was played by Pickering's John-of-all-arts, John Taylor. Mr. Taylor had the audience in the palm of his hand with his masterful performance. Never once did he overact or lose his control of the audience. Along with his priceless antics (such as chasing the "aunt" on a bicycle and with roller skates) came a somewhat surprisingly delightful voice. One must agree that if anyone stole the show it was Mr. Taylor. Our hats are off to you, sir!

The subplot concerned Sir Francis Chesney and Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez (Charley's real aunt). Both Taylor Statten and Mrs. Elizabeth Beer did a wonderful job. Their voices were very good and their acting equally pleasing.

In every musical there are many who do not receive the bouquets which the leads get. Some of these in "Where's Charley" were Fred Bicknese as the admirable Brassett; John Noer, who played Wilkinson; and Leroy Simons as Reggie. Jim Burnham also did a fine job as the photographer. Both his acting and his accent were convincing.

Donna Lockhead, Nancy Noble and Debbie Sproule stood out in their roles. They, along with the other "belles femmes", must be congratulated for a terrific performance in the Powder Room scene.

Behind every successful production there is a person who has spent long hours in preparing it. Mr. Philip Schaus is to be given credit for his directing. It is he who molded the individuals into the harmonious cast which gave us this fine show.

Our sets were designed by Mr. John Taylor and his crew of assistants. Lighting was done by Bob Forbes; Robert Crawford accompanied Mr. Schaus with his drums. Makeup was by Mr. Al Jewell and costumes were under the care of Mrs. Willard Fish.

To sum up the performance, allow me to use the director's own words: "When one gets to thinking about plans for a production . . . it is amazing what happens." And how true it was—simply amazing.

—Harry Huriy.



Spring Festival

The development of the modern theatre in North America, and especially that centre of intensive cultural activity North York, would be much impoverished if it were not for the annual Spring Festival of plays presented at Pickering College. This eagerly anticipated event was held this year in the Meeting Hall of the College on May 11, at 7:00 p.m. As the house lights dimmed, the expectant audience held its bated breath for its annual fare from the junior thespians of Firth and Rogers House. As usual they were not denied their thrilling treat.

Grade Seven opened the evening's entertainment with a lavishly costumed performance from the court of ancient China. The mysterious and inscrutable East was displayed in all its cunning and deviltry in this stirring drama of intrigue, larceny, and retributive justice. The parts were portrayed with amazing skill and ability. Each actor in this piece spoke with tremendous volume and projection. The counsel for the defence, John MacPhail exhibited an excellent acting style and indicated that he would become a strong member of Pickering's dramatic corps. Many of the other members of this cast, Mitch Robbins, Wallace Ducharme, Dave Kemp, and Peter Huck indicated that they could handle themselves on the stage. Indeed all the members of the cast of *The Emperor's Carpet* performed in a polished and professional manner.

From one royal court we moved to another as the Grade Eight Players produced a scene from *King Cole's Court*. Guy McLaughlin was as majestic a monarch as one could imagine, and his Queen, Peter Ampleford, was captivating in her graciousness. The Others contributed much to this little slice of royal life although it must be stated that their enunciation was not always as clear and as incisive as one might hope. Craig Truax as Tangor the Terrible, was terrifying in his power and viciousness.

Thornton Wilder's perennially popular *The Happy Journey* was staged by the Grade Nine Group. This amusing little piece gives us an intimate view into a small part of the life of a typical American family in an earlier part of this century. It is a happy and united family watched over very carefully by that archetype of American Momism, Mrs. Kirby. Brian Reynolds did an excellent job as the ever vigilant and ever talkative Ma Kirby. She was gentle, sweet, demanding, outraged, interested, sympathetic, and compassionate. The members of her little brood were well played by Ken Coulter as the daughter, Caroline, and Dan Benedict as the slight, smart-alec brother, Arthur. Bob Hogarth was the stalwart father-guardian of this noble American family while the daughter, who is about to receive this awe inspiring visitation, was portrayed by Bill Bigelow. The ever-present and kindly Service Station Attendant was Pat McNally, who displayed a marked degree of stoicism in the face of Ma Kirby's display of matronly care and solicitude. She was just everyone's little busybody.

No theatrical programme would be complete these days without a dash of James Bond. Grade Ten very kindly gave us this ingredient with their stirring rendition of A. A. Milne's *The Man in the Bowler Hat*. The scene opens with a very commonplace husband and wife team, Mike Philip and John Lynn, wishing for some excitement to break the boredom of their everyday existence.

In rushes the mysterious hero and the lovely heroine, Mike MacIntosh and Jim Wright, and draw the married couple into their mysterious activities. Also the elusive and grey personality of the man in the bowler hat, played in Buddha-like silence by Craig Spafford, now makes its appearance. Meanwhile the raucous and terrifying villain, Paul Weisberg, and his assistant, the bad man, Rob Small begin to weave their web of intrigue and crime. The suspense is overpowering but is finally shattered as good wins over evil. This last piece left the audience gasping with excitement as the curtain rang down on the final performance of this year's Spring Festival.

Between performances Mr. Phil Schauss, the Music Master, entertained the audience with renditions from two of his better known operas, *The Lion and the Gazelle*, and *The Toad and the Princess*. These selections were received with joy by the appreciative audience, especially the bel canto arias of the latter work.

Our congratulations in the time honored manner go to the Directors, Mr. A. H. Jewell and Mr. J. R. Taylor.

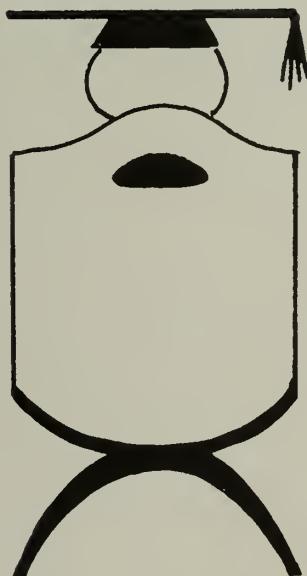
—J. D. Purdy.

Where's Charley?: T. Statten, Mrs. Beer, F. Bicknese, K. Strauss, T. MacDonald, Mr. Taylor, C. Smith, H. Iburg.

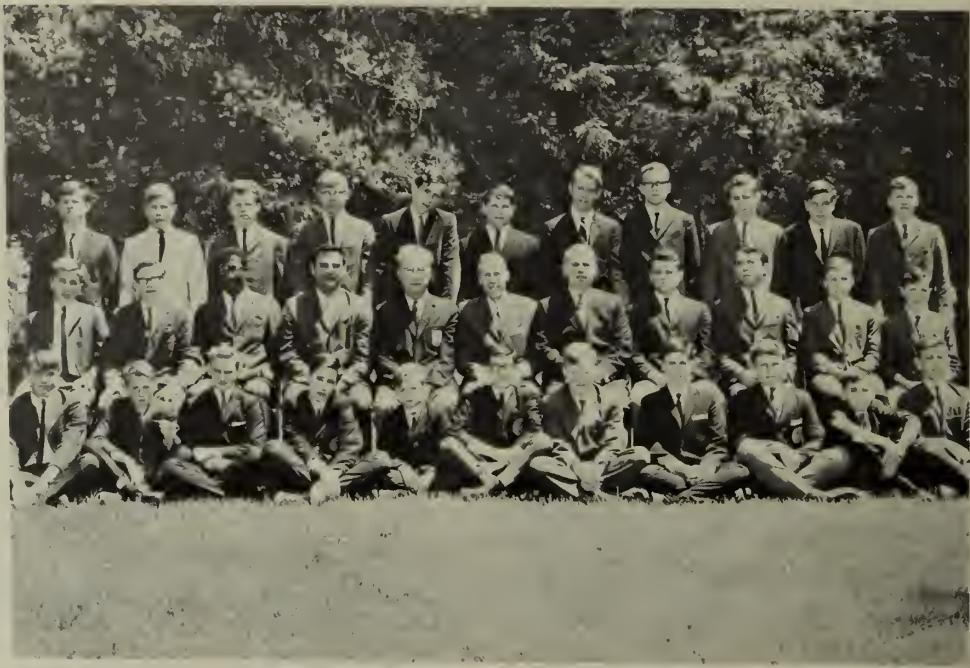


Staff at work and play





Preparatory Dept.



Preparatory Department

W. H. Jackman, B.A., M.Ed., Director
W. Josiah

R. Binkley

A. H. Jewell, Housemaster
I. St. John

Here are the highlights of the year as observed through the eyes and the ears of the Prep boys.

The boys in this year's Prep are a group of fellows one would not mind knowing for a long time. Most of us came in September, some were here in grade seven last year, and a few came after Christmas. We came from as far as Ottawa and Montreal in the east and Ohio in the west. While the ages of the boys ranged from twelve to fifteen, everyone got along well together.

The main aim of the year has been getting enough education for promotion to grade eight or nine. Mr. Jackman, the head of the Prep, did his best to teach us mathematics, science and grammar. Popular Mr. Jewell, the housemaster, taught us history, geography, spelling and some science. Mr. Schaus looked after music; Mr. Menard, French; and Mr. Forhan, Physical Education. In Firth House we had three tutors to help with duties. They were Bob Brinkley from Penetang, Winston Josiah from Antigua, and Ivan St. John from Newmarket. All of them were taking courses in grade thirteen. Mr. Taylor, who taught us literature and composition, also was in charge of arts and crafts. We studied such things as wood types and what they were used for. In the craft shop where there are lathes, power saws, power drills and so on, we learned wood-working in projects for ourselves, the teachers and our parents.

The boys in Firth House have a library of their own in which they may sit and talk or read books as they choose. This library has a good selection of books. There are also magazines added such as MacLeans, Senior Science, Life, Readers' Digest and daily newspapers. In Rogers House is the main library in which there is a wide choice of books. We visit this library for one period every week and may take three or four books away with us.

For many years the *Pickering Prep Press* has been produced in Firth House. This year the staff adviser was Mr. Taylor and the Editor-in-Chief was Ron Smith. His assistants were Peter Vasoff, Charles Smedmore and Guy McLaughlin. The covers were by Barry Hyman and Peter Ampleford. We have published two editions and hope for a third before the year ends.

The College owns two hundred and fifty acres, some of it wooded with a stream through it, and much of it cultivated under the supervision of a farm manager. The farm is a wonderful place to go after school and in our free time on week-ends. It is a place of colour, action and fun. In the winter it is a place for skiing. Sometimes we spend our free time playing on the campus. Other times, as long as we have been outdoors for a while, we may read, play chess or listen to our radios and records. Each Saturday afternoon we have an hour downtown to spend our allowance. On Saturday evening we may go to the show or watch T.V. and then we have a snack before lights out at ten o'clock.

We had two soccer teams this year. We played home-and-home games with St. Andrews, Hillfield, Appleby and Lakefield. We won some and lost more, but we had a lot of fun along with our ups and downs. The Prep hockey team had a good year. We played against St. Andrews, Appleby, Hillfield and Lakefield and when we went to Upper Canada, which we did twice, we made up a second team to go with us. Our goalies were David Sklar and Ron Smith and our coach was Mr. Binkley, who led our team to a record of two wins, four defeats and three ties.

We had several other trips during the year as well as travelling for sports. On Hallowe'en some of the boys went to Toronto to see the movie, "Sound of Music" which they all enjoyed. During the winter term boys on the Headmaster's List went to the city to see the hockey game between Toronto and Boston. In April we had the pleasure of going to the Canadiana building of the Royal Ontario Museum where we saw antiques dating back as far as the sixteen hundreds. After an interesting hour at the museum we went to the City Hall where we had a guided tour. We saw the Hall of Memory and the Council Chamber and we went to the top floor where we had a wonderful view of Toronto.

There are several stage productions during the year at Pickering. At the Spring Festival the Prep, along with grades nine and ten, have their opportunity to exhibit their dramatic ability. This year grade seven put on "The Emperor's Carpet", grade eight "King Cole's Court", grade nine "The Happy Journey" and grade ten "The Man in the Bowler Hat". All of them were very well done.

In Firth House a group of five boys is chosen to form a House Committee. Mr. Jewell and Mr. Taylor deserve much credit for the evening's success. The first one is selected by the staff. This year they were Ron Smith, David

Sklar, Peter Vasoff, Duncan Young and Guy McLaughlin. They chose Guy as their chairman. At Thanksgiving, by which time the boys knew one another fairly well, a new committee was elected by popular vote. This committee consisted of Ron Smith, Wally Ducharme, Peter Ampleford, John Noad and Craig Truax as chairman. The committee elected after Christmas was the same except that Doug Holmes replaced John Noad, and the final committee was the same except for Peter Huck who replaced Doug Holmes. These boys assist the staff with house duties, one of them working with each member of the staff on his duty day. In many ways they contribute to happy living in Firth House by helping the staff solve problems and offering suggestions when called upon to do so.

Other boys who are honoured are those who reach a certain academic standard by good effort, good achievement, or both. These boys are placed on "The Headmaster's List" after each report goes out. This year the lists included Peter Ampleford, Wally Ducharme, Barry Hyman, Ritchie Lee, Doug McKenzie, Guy McLaughlin, John McPhail, David Sklar, Ron Smith, Craig Truax and Peter Vasoff.

The spring sport in the Prep Department is baseball. This year there were two teams, A team captained by Craig Truax and the B team under David Sklar. As this is written, A team is leading. The Quaker Relays were held during this term. Forty-two schools participated. Brian Capri won honours for the Prep by being on the Pickering team which won the C. R. Blackstock race, which was named after the former head of our department. All through the year there are intramural games between seasons, the school being divided into four teams. Each game counts toward the final score, which is reached at the end of the track and field events on Sports Day. The Prep take part in these games throughout the year and their points contribute to the total score of their team. Peter Huck, a Blue, did his share to help his team win on Sports Day by breaking two records — in the baseball throw and in the running broad jump.

We finished the fall term with the Christmas banquet. We had a wonderful meal and then, all of a sudden, Santa Claus burst in and started giving out gifts to all the teachers and their children. Many humorous presents were given to the students and we ended with the singing of *Auld Lang Syne*. Except for examinations, the last important event of the year is another banquet, the final one. This one is rather saddening because we are to have final examinations and then leave the school, the teachers and all the friends we have made during the year. The colour awards are given out to students who have done well in sports, the Garratt Cane is given to the outstanding boy in the Senior School and the Rogers Cane is given to the outstanding boy in the Prep. This year it was Guy McLaughlin who won it.



Left to Right: Mr. Beer, T. Bryant, T. Czarnata, L. Brown.

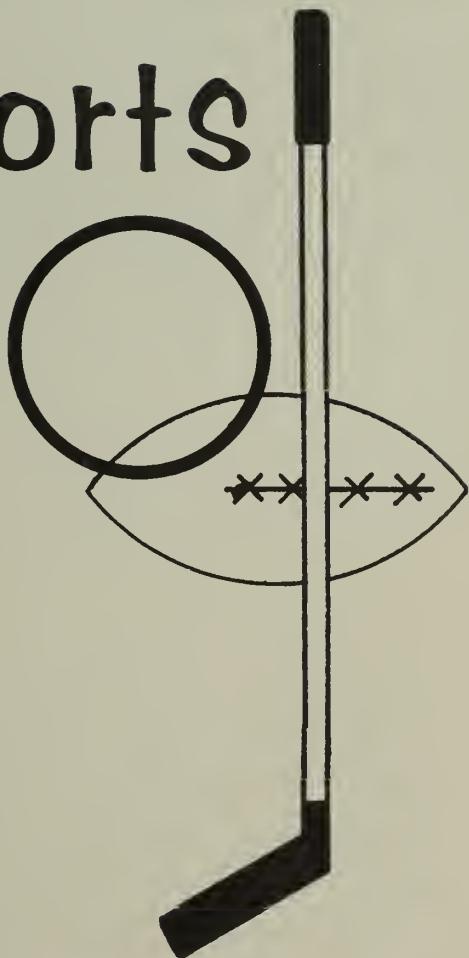
Meeting for Worship

During the past year our Meetings on Sunday evenings have been addressed by many and varied visitors as well as by members of the staff and the School Committee. The Services dealt with the following themes: The Headmaster at our first Meeting spoke on the School motto BENE PROVISA PRINCIPIA PONANTUR; David Newlands of the Canadian Friends' Service Committee talked on THE QUAKER WAY OF LIFE; at our New Boys' Meeting, Dr. James King of the Class of 1957 gave his REFLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY and was followed the next week by Mr. Veale and his views on life. At our United Nations' Service we heard about AFRICA TODAY from Chrysanthus Ndikintum. The Headmaster spoke on the MEANING OF PRAYER and Dr. Michael Rochester explained THE BAHAI APPROACH TO LIFE. There followed Rabbi Bernard Baskin, WHAT I LIKE ABOUT MY FAITH, and our Christmas Carol Service. The new term started with Mr. McLaren, CONSIDER THIS DAY; the Headmaster, ON RELIGION; Reverend A. H. Fowlie, WHAT A UNITARIAN THINKS. Then there followed the Services of the School Committee, Robert Forbes on LOYALTY, Allen Shully on COOPERATION, Thomas Bryant on PICKERING COLLEGE AS A COMMUNITY, LeRoy Simons on COURTESY, Andrew Gibson on FREEDOM, Ross Brown on COURAGE, John Cook on HONESTY and Taylor Statten on PREPARATION FOR UNIVERSITY. Mr. Forhan chose TEAM SPIRIT as his theme and the next Sunday the Headmaster, in what was for many of us the focal point of the year, gave his THOUGHTS ON PICKERING. There followed Mrs. Ethel Brant Monture, SPEAKING OF INDIANS. Our Easter Service was devoted to music and readings. Mr. Schaus talked on THE SEARCH FOR IDENTITY; Father Meagher, A PRIEST LOOKS AT HIS CHURCH and the Headmaster took our Closing Service using the text LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.



Fifty-four

Sports





First Row: Mr. Klassen, J. White, D. Farquhar, R. Simans, S. Lasky, J. Wright, J. Radbard, Mr. Beer.
Second Row: J. Handal, J. Groham, R. McLellan, B. Robinson, J. Little, E. Thiessen, A. Gibson, T. Czarnoto, U. Anderson.

Senior Soccer

The goal-posts and referees have disappeared; the goal-lines have faded into the ground, and the shadows have fallen long and deep across the north field. However, the spirit of this year's senior soccer team is still very much alive in some of the players.

This year, with two old faces and many new faces, the team fought back from last year's humiliation to post a record of eight wins, three ties and two losses in what might have been an undefeated season. Our captain was Andy Gibson, an Englishman. He formed the backbone of the team, and from his centre-half position he virtually controlled play between the two opposing penalty areas.

We came quite close to winning our district championship this year. In our second game against Bradford, a win for us would have forced a sudden-death playoff game. However, a poor finish by our team and a more determined effort by Bradford resulted in a 3-2 victory for the opposition.

We ended the season with statistics of 45 goals for and 23 goals against us. Our thanks to our coach, Mr. W. Klassen, for his guidance.

—Roy Simons



Front Row: N. Coleman, M. MacIntosh, G. Dapulas, P. Griffin, K. Caulter, R. Farber, G. Smith.
Second Row: T. Macdonald, G. Dare, D. Kallmeyer, L. Vinals, J. Evans, I. Kidd, N. Mackay, T. Syer,
B. Bowman, Mr. Fraser.

Intermediate Soccer

The Intermediate Soccer, though it did not have a winning season, put forth a spirited effort and held the Blue and Silver high. Under its captain, Ian Kidd, the team worked diligently, and by the end of the season had worked to winning form.

The highlight of the season was a 5-0 win over Hillfield on their own field. Against the Associated Hebrew Schools, the team played heads-up ball, and as a result earned a 3-1 victory over a well-coached team. On the whole the team progressed enthusiastically throughout the season and showed much promise for the coming year. Our thanks to coach Stan Fraser.



Third Soccer:

First Row: G. Schlegel, D. Pearson, J. Greenblatt, J. Lynn, B. Reynolds.

Second Row: R. Watson, C. Magyarossi, P. McNally, C. Rogers, W. Josiah.



Prep Soccer A:

First Row: P. Huck, D. Yaung, G. McLaughlin, W. Ducharme, R. Smith.

Second Row: B. Capri, C. Truax, B. Hyman.

Third Row: Mr. Jackman, R. Lee, D. Holmes, T. Downham, P. Vasoff, Mr. Taylor.

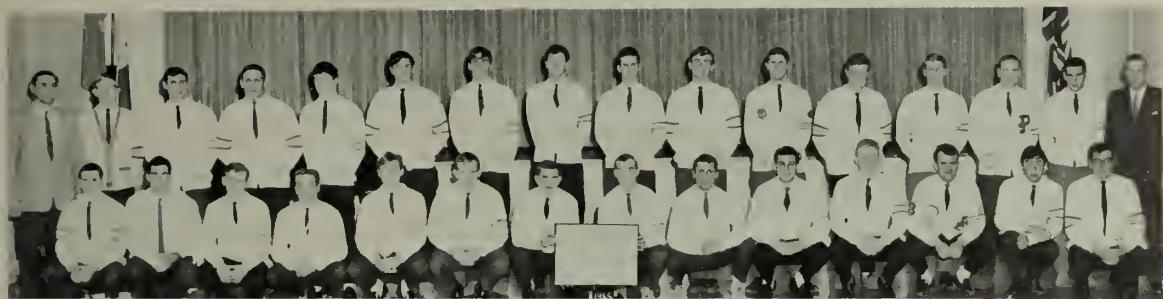


Prep Soccer B:

First Row: D. Goldhar, C. Smedmore, J. Macphail, J. McEwan, D. McKenzie.

Second Row: G. Cordoza, D. Sklar, D. Beattie, L. Robinovitch.

Third Row: Mr. Jackman, J. Noad, P. Ampleford, J. Haas, Mr. Taylor.



Senior "B" Football — 1965 — G.B.S.S.A. Champions

Front Row: Mr. Menard (coach), R. Forbes (monoger), D. Keenan, H. Huriy, G. MacIntosh, J. Cooke, J. Hutchins, B. Willmot, D. Veale, R. Grande, B. Luxton, P. Weisberg, A. Asher, G. Kinzie, T. Statten, Mr. H. M. Beer (Headmaster).

Back Row: J. Murray (ass't. cooch), J. Essery, M. Philip, B. Bridgman, D. Wilson, R. Crawford, W. Demcoe (co-captain), R. MacDiarmid (co-captain), J. Cook, A. Shully, L. Brown, R. Brown, A. Leitch, D. Boulton (ass't. coach).

Football

SENIORS—Our Senior Football team did it again. Another successful year capped off with winning the G.B.S.S.A. Championship in Stouffville. The team under the capable direction of Mr. Menard, D. Boulton and J. Murray, started the season off on the right foot as they won their first four games and continued on to have a 7 - 2 season. The results were as follows:

P.C. 19	—	Aurora 6
P.C. 1	—	Bayview 0
P.C. 12	—	U.C.C. 0
P.C. 24	—	S.A.C. 0
P.C. 0	—	Deveaux 33
P.C. 21	—	N.D.H.S. 7
P.C. 12	—	Grove 6
P.C. 1	—	Appleby 41

Our team was led to the championship by such outstanding players as John Hutchins, Bill Demcoe, Rory MacDiarmid, Taylor Statten, Ross Brown, Grant McIntosh, Brian Luxton, George Kinzie and Dennis Keenan.



Front Row: J. Dorland, R. Cooper, B. Shivos, D. Hope, D. Crook, R. Coulter, C. Lockley, B. Sherman, J. Sparling.

Second Row: B. Morgan, B. Russel, K. Strauss, J. Vonstone, J. Leslie, P. Mitchell, T. Bryant, M. Kennedy, I. St. John.

Third Row: D. Lepage, J. Burnham, M. MacNeil, F. Bicknese, R. Hagan, J. Naer, Mr. Schous, Mr. Forhan.

INTERMEDIATES—The Intermediate Football team had its best year. The players achieved a fine 7 - 2 record by displaying great team spirit and determination. The Intermediates ended up their season in Richmond Hill with the most exciting and closest game of the year. John Vanstone's "Drop Kick Convert" won the game 7 to 6. The coaching staff of Mr. Forhan, Mr. Schaus and Ivan St. John did a fine job with this team. The results were as follows:

P.C. 7	—	Stouffville 0
P.C. 50	—	Alliston 30
P.C. 18	—	Deveaux 0
P.C. 7	—	U.C.C. 18
P.C. 51	—	S.A.C. 6
P.C. 28	—	Grove 0
P.C. 0	—	Appleby 7
P.C. 24	—	Stouffville 0
P.C. 7	—	Richmond Hill 6



First Row: L. Berman, D. MacDougall, B. Delingat, D. Cole, J. Stetler, D. Edington, D. Kidd, K. Baker, P. Herman, D. Yaung.

Second Row: D. Ferris, G. Atkin, C. Smith, R. Lopp, K. Kaczor, L. Begg, B. Hogarth, B. Vine, J. Grimes, R. Farber, P. Kelsick, M. Sassin, T. TerMeer, D. Beattie, E. Rynard, H. Freedman, B. Binkley.

JUNIORS—Our Junior team had a fine season and ended up with a 4 - 3 record. One of the best games of the season was against Newmarket Juniors. Who will ever forget Doug MacDougall shifting his way downfield to two touchdowns and leading us to a 12 - 6 victory? An excellent coaching job was done by Bob Binkley and Dave Ferris. The game results were as follows:

P.C. 15	—	S.A.C. 0
P.C. 0	—	N.H.S. 12
P.C. 7	—	S.A.C. 24
P.C. 39	—	S.A.C. 0
P.C. 0	—	Grove 7
P.C. 16	—	Appleby 6
P.C. 12	—	N.H.S. 6



First Row: J. Coak, T. Stotten, R. Brown, R. Coulter, B. Demcoe.

Second Row: Mr. Fraser, L. Boilie, A. Asher, D. Forquhar, B. Robinson, T. Guggisberg, B. Forbes, R. Simons, Mr. Beer.



First Raw: A. Leitch, K. Strauss, M. Kennedy, U. Anderson, H. Freedman.

Second Raw: T. Phillip, N. McKay, F. Bicknese, J. Hutchins, B. Luxtan, J. Graham, J. Murray.



First Row: D. Kidd, B. Delingot, K. Coulter, D. Gruber, R. Forber.

Second Row: D. Ferris, C. Mogyorossi, D. Benedict, C. Burslen, C. Rogers, K. Koczor, M. Sossin.

Basketball

Although we did not have a very successful basketball season, we did have a lot of fun. We carried the blue and silver proudly as we stumbled our way through the season. We scored a tremendous victory over St. Andrew's, a smashing upset over Bradford, and a resounding victory over the Old Boys, even though coach S. K. Fraser, known affectionately as S. K. F., played for the Old Boys. We lost the rest of our games to such teams as DeVaux, Bradford, St. Andrew's, U.C.C. and Ridley.

Our team possessed a notable amount of basketball talent. The first string consisted of Ron Coulter (captain), Don Farquhar, Tike Statten, Tom Guggisberg, Bill Demcoe, Ross Brown (captain) and Douglas MacDonald. Our manager was Les Bailie. Mr. Fraser, a basketball player from Western University, was our coach, and we owe a measure of thanks to him for his valuable tips.

The second basketball team had a fine season; they consistently played fine basketball. Murray Kennedy, John Hutchins, Steve Lasky, Kim Strauss and Hersh Freedman were all key players. Walter Klassen and Jim Murray, their coaches, were largely responsible for the good record.

The third team also had a successful season, with Ken Coulter the high scorer. A great deal of credit should go to Mr. van Nooten and Dave Ferris, who coached the team throughout the season.

—Ross Brown



First Row: G. Dare, S. Seoth, R. Watson, G. Smith, J. Greenblatt, T. TerMeer, B. Hashmell, C. Lockley, J. Dorland, T. Czarnota, D. Hope.

Second Row: Mr. Menard, P. Griffin, M. MacIntosh, L. Begg, R. Hagan, B. Grande, C. Spafford, A. Gibson, J. Way, C. Smith, M. Philip, J. Handal, D. Boulton.

Weight-Training

Are you a skinny weakling? Do other boys make fun of you in front of your girlfriend? If so, you should see Mr. Don Menard or Mr. Douglas Boulton. They have helped many young men in your seemingly hopeless predicament. Through their amazing "Dyna-Strength" weight-lifting program, they have transformed many 98-pound weaklings into fearless musclemen. Five examples of their successful system are: Craig Smith, Mike Philip, Mike MacIntosh, Steve Seath and Jess Greenblatt.

Expand your chest, strengthen your arms, increase your confidence and become a towering pillar of majestic muscle. Try weight-lifting next year.

—*Don Farquhar*



First Row: K. Coulter, R. Small, L. Brown, J. Little, H. Huriy, G. Atkin, W. Josiah, Mr. Wolfe.
Second Row: B. Bigelow, P. McNally, J. Essery, R. McLellan, B. Grieve, J. Noer, I. Kidd, D. Cockburn,
J. Sparling, B. Reynolds, Mr. Jewell.

Curling

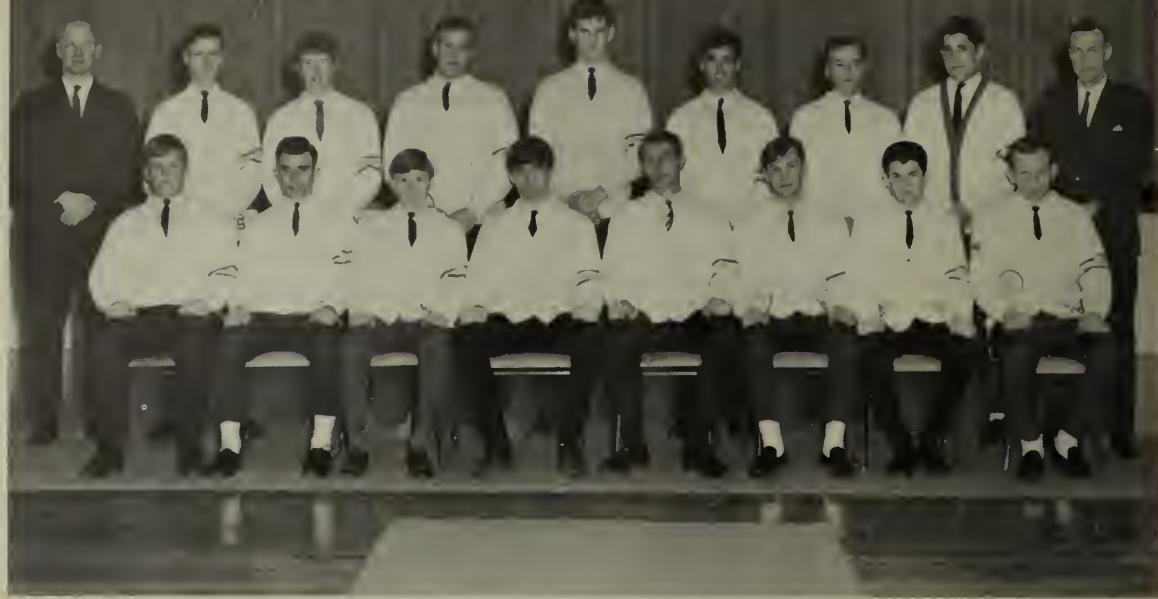
Woe betide. The curling season has drawn to a close after many wintry trips across town to the York County Curling Club. Alas. No more will the Pickering "rocks" resound! Sigh. Ne'er more will Rob Small's broom echo! 'S blood. No more will John Noer fall on the ice.

During the season, we held several bonspiels culminating in an overall win by the Grade IX team, skipped by Ken Coulter with Pat McNally, Bill Bigelow and Brian Reynolds.

The beginning curlers had a worthwhile season and have discovered a new sport which they can participate in for many years to come.

Seen in various poses at the curling rink during the season were Les Brown, John Little, Susan Sproule, Greg Atkin, Bob Grieces, Nancy Noble, John Sparling, Ray McLellan, Harry Huriy, Ian Kidd, John Evans, Don Cockburn, Bob Grande, Bob Bowman, Pat Mitchell, John Essery, Winston Josiah, Morris Wolfe, Al Jewell.

Next year we hope some spectators will find their way to the curling rink to enjoy vicariously the thrills and excitement of this great sport.



First Row: B. Margan, B. Shivas, D. Craak, G. MacIntosh, E. Thiessen, D. Wilson, J. Leslie, R. Crawford.

Second Row: Mr. McLaren, T. Bryant, J. Vanstone, G. Kinzie, D. Yeale, J. Essery, B. Bridgman, G. Atkin, Mr. Beer.

Hockey

Well, sports fans, this year turned out to be somewhat disappointing for those involved. However, we had a great deal of fun, which is the real reason for playing (so I'm told). Our lads did give it all they had, but fell a little short. The players and coaches involved did their very best in an attempt to bring honours to Pickering. No one should feel badly about our record. As you all know, sports fans, a failure is better than no attempt at all. All teams showed good spirit and sportsmanship throughout the season, even when they were behind—that is, often.

The best game played by any senior team was against Appleby College. It was one of our last games, and the team was in good spirits. The game ended in a 1-1 tie, with Pickering blasting the Appleby goal in the last few minutes.

One of the most outstanding games the second team played was their match against Grove. They dropped this game 4-2. Great effort, spirit and sportsmanship were demonstrated in this encounter, as in other games.

The third team had a fair season, dropping a few but playing well.

The playing material we had this year, given a year or two of development and experience, will eventually turn out fine hockey squads. Our thanks to the coaches, Messrs. McLaren, Forhan and MacLean, who spent time and energy teaching us how to improve our game.

—David Crook



First Row: J. Rodbard, B. Sherman, J. Wright, G. Dopulos, R. Richan, B. Cooper, B. Russel.
Second Row: L. Berman, J. Burnham, B. Hogarth, D. LePage, M. MacNeil, G. Meiklejohn, Mr. Forhan.

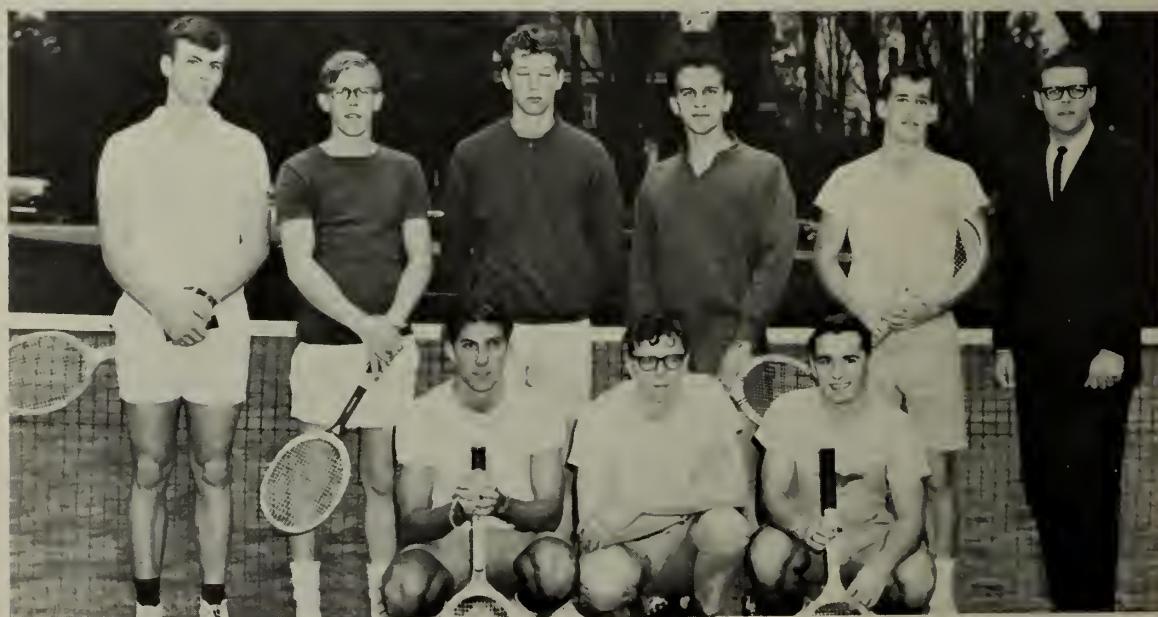


First Row: D. Pearson, D. Edington, J. Lynn, G. Schlegel, T. Syer, D. Kallmeyer, D. Beattie.
Second Row: Mr. MacLean, A. Shanoff, P. Weisberg, D. Young, K. Baker, D. Cale, P. Kelsick.



First Raw: T. Dawnham, G. McLaughlin, J. Haas, R. Smith, D. Sklar, W. Ducharme, J. McEwan,
P. Huck.

Second Raw: B. Binkley, G. Cardaza, J. Noad, P. Ampleford, P. Vasaff, D. Holmes, B. Capri, C. Truax.



First Raw: L. Begg, J. Little, R. Caulter.

Second Raw: B. Grande, B. Farbes, B. Robinsan, T. Czarnata, T. MacDanald, Mr. Klassen.



First Row: J. Essery, M. Kennedy, C. Lockley, A. Gibson, B. Shivas, S. Losky.

Second Row: Mr. Menard, T. Statten, J. Noer, J. Hutchins, E. Thiessen, D. Veole, G. Kinzie, Mr. Beer.

Rugger

Well, Pickeringites, we have a new senior team in the school—the rugger team. It is made up of twelve men (possibly the most well-conditioned in the school) and coached by Mr. Menard (definitely the most well-conditioned coach in the school). The team has had a very successful season between jaunts to the red barn and Yonge Street. We've managed to play four games.

Our first, against Aurora, was a great success as we trounced them beyond recognition (!??). We then met S.A.C., but because of weather conditions we managed only a 0-0 tie. But by the time the third game, with King City, came along, we were sufficiently warm to win 9-0. We then met King City again and beat them a second time 8-0.

Special mention should be given to Andy Gibson, who has helped immensely in getting the team going.

Our thanks to Mr. Menard for all the time, patience and effort he has put into trying to get the team into smooth running order.

—John Hutchins



L. to R.: B. Morgan, J. Wright, D. LePage, D. Keenan, B. Grieve, T. Bryant, J. Lynn, Mr. MacLean.



L. to R.: H. Huriy, I. Kidd, G. McIntash, L. Bailie, D. Wilson, E. Rynard, J. Rodbard, W. Josiah, B. Binkley.

Baseball

One of the two new sports introduced at Pickering this year was baseball. The competitors were divided into four different groups: van Nooten's Dutchmen, Boulton's Canadians, Josiah's Antiguans, and McLean's Scots. All four groups put forth a first-class effort, even though some groups were more successful than others.



L. to R.: B. Vine, J. Way, D. Hope, B. Crawford, L. Berman, M. Philip, J. Handal, H. Freedman,
D. Boulton.



L. to R.: F. Bicknese, A. Shully, B. Bridgmon, B. Sherman, J. Sparling, A. Leitch, A. Asher, C. Spafford,
Mr. van Naaten.

The first game of the finals was won by van Nooten's Dutchmen, and Josiah's Antiguans were the losers. In the next contest, Boulton's Canadians stole the game from van Nooten's Dutchmen. The final game of the series was taken by MacLean's Scots. Unfortunately one accident took place. Joe Dorland's leg was broken in a play at third base.

The winning team was treated to dinner at Mr. MacLean's house.

It is hoped that baseball will be continued next year, and that next year's teams will give as great an effort as this year's teams.

—Steve Seath

Track and Field



Seventy-two

Track and Field Team

Sports Day

SENIOR	ORDER OF FINISH	TIME OR DISTANCE
100 Yards	Essery, Statten, Luxton, Forbes	11.3
220 Yards	Farquhar, Shivas, Wilson, McIntosh	23.2
440 Yards	Statten, Brown, Thiessen, Guggisberg	57.3
880 Yards	Thiessen, Cook, Kennedy, Guggisberg	2:20.7
Mile	Thiessen, Keenan, Robinson, Lasky	5:27.4
120 Yard Hurdles	Luxton, MacDonald, Robinson, Essery	17.4
440 Yard Relay	Red, Blue, Gold, Silver	50.2
High Jump	Gibson, MacIntosh, Bryant	5'3"
Long Jump	Kennedy, Coulter, Statten, Bryant	16'5 1/4"
Triple Jump	Hutchins, Forbes, Kennedy, Bryant	37'1/2"
Pole Vault	McIntosh, Grieves, Farquhar, Kennedy	8'3"
Discus	Luxton, Brown, Huriy, Simons	111'1"
Javelin	Hutchins, Simons, Gibson, Forbes	132'6"
Shot	Huriy, Simons, Hutchins, Thiessen	42'6 1/2"

INTERMEDIATE

100 Yards	Mitchell, Russel, Small, Veale	11.4
220 Yards	Small, Wright, Smith, Leslie	26.7
440 Yards	Burnham, Mitchell, McLellan, Crook	56.4
880 Yards	Crook, McLellan, Lockley, Hope	2:26.3
Mile (Record)	Mitchell, Kidd, Cooper	5:22.6
120 Yard Hurdles	Burnham, Russel, LePage, Leslie	16.5
440 Yard Relay	Blue, Gold, Silver, Red	50.7
High Jump	LePage, Wright, Mitchell, C. Smith	5'1"
Long Jump	Small, Mitchell, Veale, Burnham	17'7 1/4"
Triple Jump	Burnham, Crook, Phillip, Veale	37'10 1/2"
Pole Vault	Vanston, Strauss	8'6"
Discus	LePage, TerMeer, Rodbard, Sparling	80'8 1/2"
Javelin	Small, TerMeer, Lockley, LePage	121'7 1/2"
Shot Put	Small, Begg, Veale, TerMeer	36'3 1/2"

JUNIOR	ORDER OF FINISH	TIME OR DISTANCE
100 Yards	Dopulos, Young, Anderson, Gruber	11.5
220 Yards	Dopulos, Young, Anderson, Smith	27.2
440 Yards	Smith, Coleman, Richan, Young	61.5
60 Yards	Dopulos, Herman, Gruber, Meiklejohn	7.1
120 Yard Hurdles	Kelsick, McIntosh, Herman, Anderson	18.0
440 Yard Relay	Blue, Silver, Gold, Red	52.3
High Jump	Anderson, MacIntosh, Freedman, Edington	4'10"
Long Jump	Anderson, McKay, McIntosh, Herman	16'9 1/2"
Triple Jump	Hogarth, McKay, McNally, Kaczor	33'7"
Pole Vault	Meiklejohn, Lynn	8'3"
Discus (Record)	Young, MacIntosh, Greenblatt, Kidd	98'9"
		old 91'9"
Javelin (Record)	Kallmeyer, Baker, Dopulos, Freedman	123'8"
		old 121'
Shot	Edington, Kelsick, Schlegel, Kallmeyer	34'9"

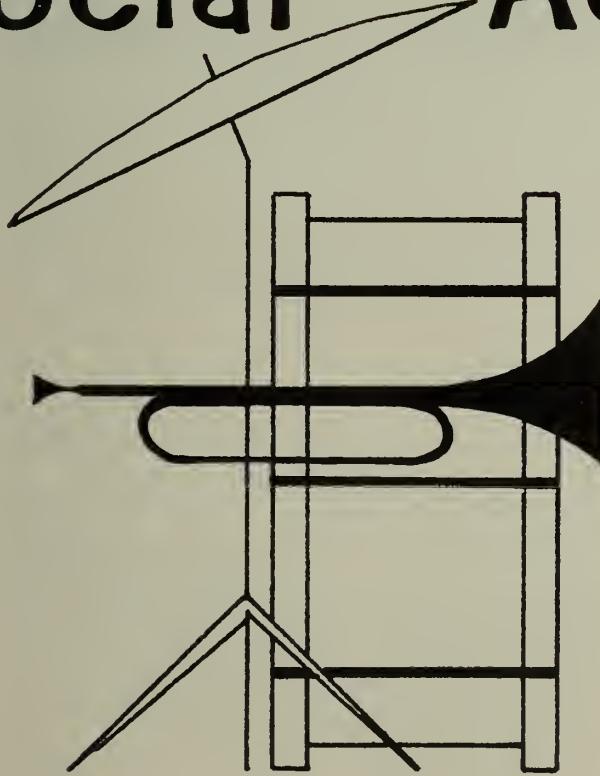
MIDGET

50 Yards	Capri, Noad, Lee, Rabinovitch	6.3
75 Yards	Capri, Noad, Lee, Rabinovitch	9.2
440 Yards Relay	Gold, Silver, Red, Blue	57.4
High Jump	Smith, Lee, Capri, McEwan	4'5 1/2"
Long Jump	Holmes, Vasoff, Capri	13'8"
Shot Put	Truax, Vasoff, Rabinovitch, Haas	35'6"

BANTAM

40 Yards	Huck, McLaughlin, Ducharme	5.9
60 Yards	Huck, McKenzie, McLaughlin, Ducharme	8.4
High Jump	Huck, Ducharme, Kemp, McKenzie	3'11"
Softball (Record)	Huck, Ducharme, McLaughlin	188'10"
		old 178.6
Long Jump (Record)	Huck, Ducharme, McLaughlin, Kemp	15'3"
		old 13'4 1/2"

Social Activities





First Row: J. Lynn, D. Gruber, P. McNally, B. Adamsan, G. Schlegel, K. Coulter.

Second Row: P. Herman, B. Hashmell, N. Coleman, P. Weisberg, D. Cackburn, Mr. Taylor, C. Smith, D. Young, C. Mogyorossi, D. Cole, R. Farber.

The Circle Club

The Circle Club was introduced to Pickering College this year and laid a fine foundation for future years. It was patterned after the Thirty Club, but membership was open only to grades nine and ten. Our staff advisor, Mr. Taylor, guided us through an interesting year.

Mr. Beer gave the opening address to the Club. Other interesting speakers were Mr. J. W. Boaks, who spoke on ancient history; Mr. J. Gibson, who talked about communications; Mr. A. Tuch, who spoke on Europe, and Mr. J. C. van Nooten, who talked about stars.

We also discussed current events and saw a number of interesting films.

A final banquet was held at the end of May. The guest speaker was Mr. Duncan Cameron, a Pickering Old Boy.

—John Lynn



First Row: B. Demcoe, J. Cook, B. Forbes, D. Farquhar, B. Crawford, R. Brown, G. McIntosh.
Second Row: B. Binkley, B. Bridgman, J. Leslie, G. Kinzie, D. Keenan, E. Thiessen, J. Hutchins, D. Boulton, A. Asher, T. Statton, B. Shivas, Mr. Jewell.

"30" Club

As a new member of the "30" Club, I must say that I was greatly impressed by the way the year went. Our Monday meetings were very interesting and we enjoyed the presence of many informative speakers such as Mr. Blue with his speech on Rhodesia, and Mr. Flesiner, who explained the work of a detached social worker. We also enjoyed a trip to Barrie where we toured the T.V. station. We also travelled to Thornhill to hear a series of speeches on "Canada's role in North America". During the Stanley Cup play-offs, we met together to watch the games whenever possible.

I would like, on behalf of the club, to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Jewell for his help in making the "30" Club a success.

—John Hutchins.



Left to Right: K. Kaczar, S. Seath, Mr. van Nooten, K. Baker, D. Beattie.

Chess Club

This has proven to be a very interesting year for the chess club. Everyone has contributed in helping others improve their game of chess. We would like to thank Mr. van Nooten for all that he has done to organize and maintain the chess club. We are sorry that he will not be returning to Pickering next year.

In the future, the members will contribute money so that we may buy a few chess sets that will stay at Pickering for years to come.

The chess club will end this year with a steak dinner for all the members. We hope that even more people will turn out for the chess club next year so that we may have year-round tournaments.

—Steve Seath



First Row: F. Bicknese, B. Russel, M. Kennedy, B. Cooper, P. Griffin, J. Burnham.

Second Row: Mr. Jackman, Mr. MacLean, Mr. van Nooten, G. Atkin, H. Huriy, W. Josiah, Mr. McLaren.

The Root of Minus One Club

The Rooters' Club, which has the distinction of being the oldest of the invitation clubs at Pickering, had a very successful 65-66 year under the leadership of Mr. K. G. McLaren, Mr. J. MacLean, and Mr. van Nooten.

There were lectures by Mr. McLaren on "The Evolution of Man" and "Linear Programming"; Mr. MacLean gave a series of lectures on evolution and one on "Brain Waves". Relativity was explained to us in a two-part lecture by Mr. van Nooten.

One of the highlights of the year was a lecture entitled "The Human Reproductive System and Birth Control" by Dr. H. M. Jackson, a local gynecologist. Another high spot of the year was a trip to the Royal Ontario Museum. We toured the "back rooms" of the museum, one of the more interesting of which was the "bug room".

The year was fittingly ended with a steak dinner.

—B. D. Luxton



First Row: D. Veole, J. White, T. Bryont, R. Gronde, S. Losky, J. Little, Dr. Purdy.

Second Row: G. Dopulos, D. Crook, M. MacIntosh, B. Morgan, L. Brown, A. Shully, L. Bailie, J. Noer, M. MacNeil, R. McLellon, D. Hope, A. Leitch, K. Strauss.

Polikon Club

The Polikon Club of Pickering Club is a debating club whose goals are to teach students to speak and to arouse their interest in world affairs. But even the fact that our best planned debates have ended in heated arguments which continued long after the meeting was closed is an indication of the zeal of our members.

We have been fortunate in having many ridings represented, and new ridings have been established. A few of the representatives were H. M. Lower Slobbovia, H. M. Green Felt Jungle, and H. M. South Soggy Tee Shirt.

Some debate topics were the draft, the recent Canadian election, Pickering College's place in modern society, Canada's nuclear weapon role, advertising, U.F.O.s, unions, the new N.H.L. franchises, and the Canadian Senate.

The Polikon Club has also been active outside the closed doors of the security council room (Room C). We have sponsored a UNICEF drive for wire hangers and pop bottles. We have gone to a lecture on Canada's role in North America, and we have sent a representative to a peace conference in Toronto.

The speaker at our closing banquet was Mr. Stan Hall of the New Democratic Party. The food was good and the discussion lively.

The Polikon Club has regained its lofty position this year after a short rest. The lion is awake and great things can be expected from the Polikon Club again.

—H. M. Soixante-neuf
Steve Lasky

Notes on Social Activities

Our New Boys' Day in early October is always full of fun and good spirit and such was the case again this year. Following the skits put on by the new students a snack was provided for all after which the school enjoyed a good movie. Mid-way through the autumn term we were invited to the Ontario Ladies' College where a most enjoyable dance was held. Our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Fraser for accompanying us on this occasion. For Hallowe'en this year the whole school attended the showing of *The Sound of Music* in Toronto. Visitors' Day in November attracted a great many parents and friends of the school who stayed for supper and the Dramatic Club's presentation of *You Can't Take It With You*.

One of the highlights of the winter term was the presentation of *Where's Charlie?* by the Glee Club, an operetta enjoyed by all the students and many visitors. The following week the Old Boys visited the school for their Annual Meeting together with their hockey and basketball games against the school teams. In basketball the senior team defeated the Old Boys, but the veterans managed to win against the intermediates. In hockey the veterans defeated the senior team and tied the second team. Also in the winter term we played host to the girls from O.L.C. at a most enjoyable dance. In the spring term the highlight was of course our formal dance as well as Sports' Day at the very end of term following which tea was served in the Meeting Room to parents and visitors.

Closing Dinner

Since our new Dining Hall will be ready for us in September, this year's Closing Dinner was the last such ceremony to be held in Rogers House. It was, therefore, planned as a Farewell to the Old Dining Room and proved to be a most memorable occasion. Many former members of the staff and Old Boys who had so often graced the old room returned to share this banquet with us. Those who came back to honour the old room included Samuel Rogers, Q.C., Chairman of the Board; Joseph McCulley, Headmaster from 1927 to 1947; G. N. T. Widdrington, Assistant Headmaster from 1927 to 1939; Ronald H. Perry, former Pickering teacher and just retired as Headmaster of Ashbury College in Ottawa; C. R. Blackstock, formerly head of the Department of Physical Education; Dr. B. W. Jackson, former student and master, now Professor of English at McMaster University; Jack Rayner, Old Boy and member of the Board of Management; Ward Cornell, former student and master and now a well-known radio and TV personality; Lou Lanier, former student and master; Helen Green, for many years our librarian, and R. B. Green, our bursar during the same period; and Rudy Renzies, the well-known pewter artist who for twenty-five years was in charge of arts and crafts at the college.

ANNUAL CLOSING DINNER, MAY 31st, 1966



Guests at the Closing Dinner, from left to right: Dr. George Case, B. W. Jackson, R. B. Green, Lou Lanier, G. N. T. Widdrington, Jack Rayner, Samuel Rogers, Q.C., Joseph McCulley, Rudy Renzius, The Headmaster, Mrs. Green C. R. Blackstock, Ward Cornell and R. H. Perry.



C. R. Blackstock with the Captain of the winning Blue Team.



The Headmaster with the Chairman of the Board.



B. W. Jackson, Old Boy and former Master.



Ward Cornell, Old Boy and former Master.



R. H. Perry, former Master.



G. N. T. Widdrington, Assistant Headmaster 1927-1939.

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Auld Lang Syne



The Headmaster with two of his former teachers, Joseph McCulley and Ronald Perry.



Joseph McCulley, Headmaster
1927 - 1947.



C. R. Blackstock, long-time Director of Physical Education.



Jack Rayner, Old Boy and Member of the Board of Management.



At dinner, B. W. Jackson, R. H. Perry, Mrs. Beer and G. N. T. Widdrington.



Lou Lanier, Old Boy and former Master.

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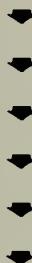
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